The Literary Digest

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

Whittling Down Roosevelt Economy

THE ROOSEVELT "HONEYMOON" lasted till almost the very end of the Congressional session. President and Congress displayed what seemed a marvelous exhibition of team-work.

Then came the break.

The revolt against the executive cuts in veterans' compensation was the most sensational clash of the whole session.

Only in deference to veterans, as correspondents noted, did Congress interrupt its willingness to accept White House leadership.

The revolt came after Congress had been deluged with letters from wounded veterans telling tragic stories of loss of livelihood through the new regulations of the Veterans Administration. A veteran who had lost one leg on the battlefield, and later lost the use of another, found his income cut from $100 to $40 a month. As stories like this were read on the floor of the Senate the passion for economy yielded to sympathy for ex-soldiers, maimed, bedridden, jobless, or destitute.

The Just and the Unjust

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

WITH surprizing speed the Senate put through an amendment on an appropriations bill cutting $170,000,000 from the Roosevelt savings and putting a limit of 25 per cent. on any cuts in the compensation of service-disabled World War veterans and the same limit on cuts in pensions of veterans of other wars.

Sentiment in the House leaned toward going even farther. There was a series of high-pressure conferences between the President and the House leaders. At one conference the President said that Congress would have to provide new taxes to meet that $170,000,000 of additional expense. Representatives emerged from the White House glum and silent. What somebody called "a grand canyon of disagreement" appeared. The President issued an executive order modifying the severity of the compensation cuts planned by the Veterans Administration. A compromise was worked out in conference cutting down the $170,000,000 to a smaller sum not requiring any new taxation. One set of cases which had borne much of the burden of the economy measure was the so-called "presumptive" group, consisting of ex-soldiers who had developed disease or disabilities within six years after the war ended, and were thus presumed to have acquired such disability because of war service. A plan was devised to give thousands of these the benefit of any doubt.

WHILE the legislative fight was developing, and while conferences were following one another thick and fast, press-writers were cudgeling their brains to figure out the meaning of this first real revolt in Congress against Presidential authority.

Walter Lippmann was only one of many to wonder whether the whole program of retrenchment was not being shaken.

Two reasons for the revolt are noted by Robert Norton in the Boston *Post*, who felt that if the end of the session had not been so near, a considerable proportion of the power given to the President under the Economy Act would have been revoked. First, there is the fact that the individual Congressman realized that in a few weeks he was to "return to his own bailiwick to encounter at close range both the individual and organized opposition to the interpretations placed upon the Eeconomy Act by the Veterans Bureau." And second—

"There is factual evidence from every American Legion post in the country as well as from the Spanish War veterans of the obvious inequalities and in many instances positive cruelties inflicted by the law upon veterans.

"Thousands of specified cases recited in speeches on the floor and inserted in *The Congressional Record* bear out these allegations."

THE most potent fact as stated by Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* is that "down many Main Streets go armless veterans who used to get $94 a month from the Government, and now get $36." Economy itself is all right, but, remarks an American Legion official in the Detroit *News:*

"A cut of $400,000,000 in the Veterans Administration means a complete stoppage of all the humane effort to ameliorate the condition of America's disabled veterans and a picayune attitude to those who made the sacrifices fifteen years ago, in mud, mire, shell-fire and gas, and who came back unable to stand up to their former jobs and compete in life."

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The clash was no great conflict over principle, argues Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune*, but "politics and nothing else":

"To understand the veterans' compensation question begin by bearing in mind that every one of the 435 members of the Lower House and one-third of the Senate, thirty-two, must fight next year to hold his seat. The nominations begin as early as nine months from now.

"In every Congressional district, the sitting member has good reason to feel that if he runs on a record of having voted to support reductions in veterans' compensation, he will have the opposition of the largest, most highly organized and most politically conscious group of voters in his district, the veterans, their families and friends."

Presidential politics does not figure so strongly, "because the Presidential campaign is three years ahead, while the Congressional one comes next year," and yet this writer hails the President's slash in veterans' compensation as "an act of almost unparalleled political courage."

Besides the pressure of the veterans back home, says David Lawrence, Congress was also influenced by the new "inflation and spending policy of the Administration," which made them feel that there would be little harm in passing out a few more millions to needy veterans. After all, in many cases of destitution, these men and their families have to be cared for by the taxpayer in one way or another. Some of the most effective protests came from aged pensioners of pre-World War conflicts.

It occurs to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* that recent signs of improving business may have brought about a feeling in the Capital that heroic methods of retrenchment are no longer necessary.

As the controversy developed, it became a topic for editorial discussion all over the country. In many places there was a feeling that the economy knife had cut too deep, that the new regulations were working injustice to deserving men. In the words of the New York *World-Telegram*, "to throw wounded veterans into the streets to beg is neither economy nor is it a new deal."

"If in order to balance the budget we have to take the bread out of the mouths of men who are suffering because of patriotic service, then let the Treasury go down with the flag flying," declares the Grand Rapids *Herald*. The Philadelphia *Record* attacks the "balance-the-budget delusion"—

"Had Lewis Douglas been Director of the Budget during the war, General Pershing's famous remark would have been changed to read:

"'Lafayette, we'll be there as soon as we balance the budget.'

"Millions of young men leaving their dearest ones, to shed their blood for their country would have been told:

"'Awfully nice of you to risk your lives, but don't expect us to risk our balanced budget to help you in sickness or old age when you get back.'"

But the commonest editorial attitude, exprest in scores of newspapers, was that Congress might better have left the whole thing with the President, that he could be trusted to draw the line fairly between deserving and undeserving, to see that justice is done in individual cases. It seemed to the New York *Sun* that the cuts in benefit to the service disabled were seized on by Congress "as a pretext to shoot holes in the Economy Act." Generosity toward men actually disabled in the service, and careful scrutiny of the thousands of "service-connected" cases of men "who were not in fact disabled by their military service" is the policy demanded by the New York *Herald Tribune*. Members of Congress, says the Baltimore *Sun*, "ought not to be allowed to masquerade as champions of the battle-scarred soldiers, when as a matter of plain fact they are merely urging the perpetuation of a system of disgraceful abuses in which the battle-scarred veterans have no part."

The thing that impresses many voters, according to the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "is the fact that much of the money paid out through the Veterans Bureau has been going, not to men who were disabled in defense of the country, but to grafters and panhandlers who were using their military service as an excuse to raid the Treasury." For instance—

"The President's rules have stopt such things as paying a man $9,000 in cash and a pension for life because he fell over a garbage can, altho he did very well for fourteen years after the fall; and such things as paying a lawyer a pension for life because an operation which saved his life and for which he was not charged a cent left him unable to bowl; and paying veterans who did not get hurt more than is paid those who did get hurt."

"Veterans as a whole have taken kindly to the new order," concludes the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*—

"They have shown a disposition to trust Mr. Roosevelt to do his best, and while the politically-minded leaders and their friends can not be quieted, the rank and file may be counted on to give the Administration their confidence."

Horseback Training for a Flight Round the World

JIMMIE MATTERN LEAPED, figuratively, from the back of a Texas bronco to an airplane cockpit for his long flight in the monoplane, *Century of Progress*.

Mattern has always been one to take counsel at important moments. When a veteran Army flight surgeon imprest upon him the need of rigorous training to harden himself for his ordeal in the skies, he paid attention, altho at the same time he repeated his pet bit of philosophy: "There's no chance of coming out of this world alive, anyway."

When preliminary preparations for his flight in the red, white, and blue plane were completed, Mattern left for Texas, his boyhood home, to "toughen up a bit." On the plains, Sherman B. Altick writes in the New York *Sun*:

"He spent two months on a cattle ranch riding broncos and doing his regular bit as a cowpuncher. He found that riding toughened up the leg muscles, and that the hardening of these muscles made it possible for him to fly for hours upon hours without getting tired."

It was a course of training far more rigorous, seemingly, than Lindbergh's physical preparation for his Paris flight. The Colonel, according to Mr. Altick, trained "by sitting for hours in the cockpit of a plane near the factory where his *Spirit of St. Louis* was being built." His purpose, it may be presumed, was to prepare himself for the monotony of hours alone in the air.

Mattern was a "rugged young man" when he returned to New York two months ago to supervise final plans for his take-off from Floyd Bennett Field. But he did not stop training—

"He took quarters at a Coney Island hotel, and nearly every day did a mile or two of road work in the early morning. Upon his return, he would do setting-up exercises, including bending the body seventy times and touching the toes with the tips of his fingers.

"His training continued even during the time he was in his hotel room. His friends relate how he would keep his feet moving back and forth as he sat on a chair for long periods to find out just what perseverance he really had.

"During the last few weeks the young Texan tried his endurance with only four and five hours' rest during the night. He also tried sleeping soundly for short periods, and then getting up to have his nerves tested.

"Mattern found that his endurance was increased by almost total abstinence from food, and that is why he took only half a dozen oranges with him. He found that the citrus food tended to keep him awake, and that he could get to sleep easily by eating a little heavy food."

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The Saber-Rattler's Four-Power Peace Pact

ONCE FEARED AS A FIREBRAND who might set all Europe aflame, Premier Mussolini now soothes the world with an olive branch—the four-Power pact.

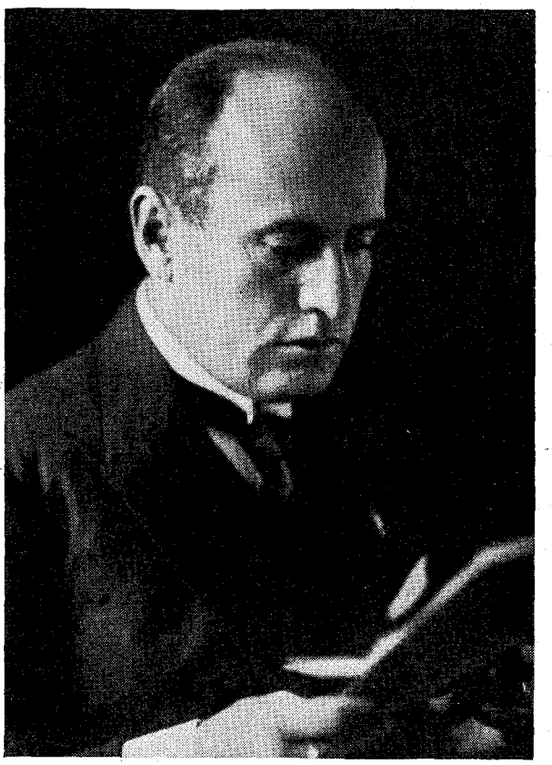
The saber that he used to rattle while the Continent nervously wondered just what he was going to do is laid away as the "iron man" of Rome proudly thumbs the document he persuaded three other great Powers to indorse.

With ten years of rigid dictatorship behind him, this powerfully-built, massive-jawed man, with the great velvety dark eyes, now looks ahead to ten years of European peace. He fought for it, and it is promised him by the initialing of the new treaty.

"The war chapter is closed," said Il Duce, addressing an enthusiastic session of the Italian Senate soon after the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, and Germany had initialed the pact. "It is not a united front against any one," he added, and then:

"It needs collaboration, especially from the United States, without whose cooperation recovery and peace are impossible."

ALTHO warning against "imbecile optimism," he declared that the pact, if ratified, would be a firm basis for the settlement of questions between Italy and France.



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"No Imbecile Optimism"

But the four-Power pact can bring peace to Europe, declares Premier Mussolini.

Committing the four great Powers of Western Europe to ten years of cooperation in the interests of peace, the treaty was framed after two months of diplomatic jockeying in which the draft was rewritten time and again. "Strictly speaking," says the Rome correspondent of the Associated Press, "it presents little that is new." He gives us this analysis:

"The principal point is the collaboration of the four Powers concerned in it. This already was provided in the 1925 Locarno pact. The present pact, however, extends the collaboration provided for at Locarno and embraces economic collaboration.

"The new treaty restates and embodies, and thus reinvigorates, the Kellogg Pact, the League of Nations Covenant, the Locarno pact, and last December's agreement pledging to Germany arms equality.

"The question of revision of treaties is approached carefully, but the provisions made are almost nullified by reference in the same breath to Articles 10 and 16 of the League Covenant safeguarding present frontiers and providing action against aggressors.

"The chief value of the Mussolini pact is (1) it induces collaboration in Europe and (2) it pledges disarmament regardless of what the world disarmament conference does."

While the treaty still had to be ratified by the various parliaments involved, the first reaction to the ceremony at Rome appeared favorable. But here and there a sore spot is found.

Poland, for instance, might resign from the League of Nations, we read. It "rejects the pact just as it did two months ago when the first parleys began at Rome," says the Warsaw correspondent of the New York *Times*. As he explains:

"The directorate of four Powers would certainly try to become a super-League of Nations and would cause trouble in Europe, it is felt. The four Powers concerned are warned here not to interfere with Polish-German relations, as Poland will not approve any decision taken without her and against her."

IN London, *The Daily Herald* strikes the pessimistic note that the pact is evidence that "the Powers are already assuming that the Disarmament Conference [at Geneva] will fail."

The important thing about the agreement to the London *Daily Telegraph* is that it "looks toward the appeasement of Franco-Italian rivalries."

Paris press opinion is divided, altho the French Government was deeply gratified by the action at Rome. Editorial comment cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST shows the *Soir* calling the pact "a double-edged knife in so far that it can be used by England and Italy to the prejudice of France," while the *Journal des Débats* considers it "a dangerous example of French good-will to the point of weakness and blindness."

"It weakens the League, nurtures imperialistic perils," according to the *Quotidien*, and the *Ordre* finds France, by the terms of the treaty, "joining a Euro-federation whose capital is Berlin."

But other Paris papers disagree with these views. "The pact augurs the end of the Franco-Italian rift," asserts the *Journal*, and the *Republique* calls it "a triumph for Daladier, Paul-Boncour, Herriot, and world peace." The *Petit Journal* is impressed by the fact that "Mussolini caused the name of France to be thrice cheered in the Roman Senate."

Berlin shows a generally favorable reaction. While the *Vossische Zeitung* warns that "we must wait and see whether the conclusion of the pact will result in a lessening in the tension of the political atmosphere," the *Voelkischer Beobachter* says wholeheartedly that "the four-Power pact is probably the most important treaty of the last fourteen years." As it appears to the *Tageblatt:*

"The pact does not fulfil all of Germany's original hopes but it is noteworthy that for the first time an international treaty specifically mentions Article 19 of the League Covenant, offering the possibility of revision of the Treaty of Versailles."

AS might be expected, the Italian press is enthusiastic about the treaty. "Peace which seemed to escape us is now a reality," declares the Rome *Messaggero*. "The civilized world owes the victory to Mussolini." "War ended yesterday," adds the *Popolo di Italia*, and the *Mattino* agrees by saying that "the peoples of the world feel that the specter of war weighing on the destinies of Europe has vanished." "The pact ends rancor and suspicions," says the *Gazetta del Popolo*, "replacing them with collaboration."

Turning to American comment, we find the Philadelphia *Inquirer* hailing the pact as "a long step toward peace." It adds that "there is every reason to believe that, when the Disarmament Conference meets again, substantial progress to an agreement for definite reductions can be made."

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Rail Relief by Coordination

BIG, BULKY, AND ATHLETIC, Joseph B. Eastman is ready to jump into the job of Federal coordinator of railroads.

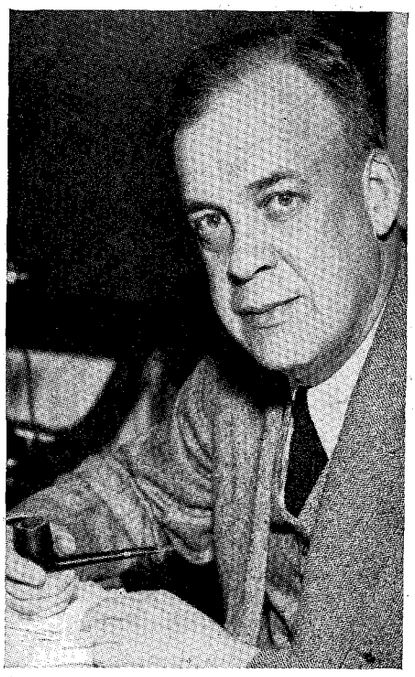
He will have plenty to do. The bill put through by the Roosevelt Administration as one of its most important measures provides, we read, for the scaling down of capital investments and the elimination of duplicate rail services during a two-year period.

As the Associated Press further explains the provisions of this far-reaching bill:

"Under the coordinator three regional railroad groups are to be created, each to be represented by a committee of five regular and two special members. These committees, one each from the East, West, and South, are to work out economies with the coordinator. Labor committees in each of the three regions may be organized to confer with the carrier committees on working conditions and wages.

"The legislation would prevent the discharge by railroads of employees under the consolidations or eliminations of services or terminal facilities effected by the coordinator.

"The measure also places holding companies under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission and repeals the recapture clause of the 1920 transportation act, thus canceling $361,000,000 in government claims against carriers for excess profits."



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He'll War on Rail Waste

Joseph B. Eastman, slated to be Federal coordinator of railroads.

Mr. Eastman, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission for fourteen years, has come to be known as "the dissenting commissioner." But even his critics admit that he has a profound knowledge of all the railroad problems the commission has handled. Fifty-one, a bachelor, a handball and squash player, he walks two miles to work in the morning, and usually stays at his office until 10:30 P. M. His views as to what matters should be considered in providing relief for the railroads are summarized by *The Wall Street Journal:*

"First, unnecessary duplication of service or facilities which could be eliminated by joint use of terminals.

"Second, unnecessary passenger- or freight-train service such as could be eliminated by pooling arrangements.

"Third, use of unduly circuitous routes.

"Fourth, extravagance in solicitation.

"Fifth, waste in equipment repair expense such as could be avoided by joint use of shops and passenger ticket offices.

"Sixth, unnecessary allowances to large shippers for certain services, and unduly low charges for warehousing and like services.

"Seventh, waste in the use of equipment such as might be avoided by pooling, change in car rentals, or other means of reducing empty return movement."

EDITORS clash over the railroad bill.

While it "may mark some advance it is probable that little good will come of it," asserts the Chicago *Tribune*. "When all has been said, the fact remains that when the Government started regulating railroads many of them were prosperous. Today, after forty years of government guidance, it is doubtful if half a dozen railroads can be regarded as profitable."

And for this condition, says *The Tribune*, government regulation "is largely responsible." What Congress ought to do to improve the transportation business of the country "is to restrict regulation and the regulators"—

"Let the railroads run their own business with something like freedom for a while and we shall then be able to judge whether regulation is either necessary or desirable."

Agreeing that "the difficulty of the railroads has been aggravated by growing Federal restrictions on them," the Springfield *Union* adds that "it remains to be seen whether coordination will not add to the restrictions, or deprive the executive officials of the roads of their initiative in effecting economies or promoting efficiency. They have done much in this line since war times when the Government ran the railroads and the Government into a sizable deficit."

But the Philadelphia *Inquirer* declares that "the measure should go far toward restoring railroads to prosperity"—

"It rids them of meddlesome restrictions which the aftermath of the war produced, and it restores to them opportunities which the fruition of prewar theories began to destroy with the rise of automotive competition."

Another Philadelphia paper, *The Evening Public Ledger*, also is optimistic:

"If the whole arrangement is carried out in the spirit in which it is planned it ought to go a long way toward restoring to the railroads the prosperity which they have lost, and it ought also to provide better service to the railroad users."

Polyglot Drinks at the Parley

BENEATH THE CONFERENCE Hall in South Kensington, where the World Economic Conference sits, a seventy-foot bar has been built and stocked with the favorite liquors of sixty-six countries. So we learn from a London wireless to the New York *Times*, which goes on to show how thoroughly the British have attended to this complicated task of liquid hospitality. Thus:

"To make sure that every one will be satisfied, the firm of caterers in charge of the conference recently sent a questionnaire to every consulate in London, and has received detailed lists of the drinks that each delegation will want.

"The Swedish Consulate asked especially for a kind of gin called Brannvin. The Poles wanted Kümmel Baczewski from Lemberg, and the Swiss asked for Fruitskin Brandy.

"The Roumanians specified Nicoresti and Dragasani wines, and then added that there was also a great consumption of spirits in Roumania.

"'Tuscia is distilled from prunes, Drojdie from grapes, Sacarica from rye, and Rachiu from potatoes,' the consulate explained.

"The Turks specified as a spirit 'the raki, made from grapes and figs,' but the poor caterers could not find a single bottle in all London.

"The Persians voted for aragh.

"'This is similar to gin—and very strong,' they pointed out.

"The Chinese demands were for shaiotsu and lomitsu wines and kaoliang spirits.

"Perhaps the noblest lists of all came from the Austrians and the Dutch. The Austrians said they would like cognac, schnapps, Guntramsdorfer, Nussberger, and Gumpoldskirchner—the last-named better known in Vienna than in London.

"As for the Dutch, they included everything—'French still and sparkling red and white wines, including those of North Africa; Spanish dessert wines, French and Italian vermouth, German white wines, Dutch and Geneva liqueurs, Scotch whisky, cognac, French liqueurs, and a few German liqueurs such as kümmel.'

"The caterers are anxious to show no favoritism in beers, so they are importing American 3.2, in addition to plenty of Pilsner, Münchener, Danish lager and, of course, British ales."

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Hopes and Fears for the London Conference

IN THE LOFTY CENTRAL HALL of a new white stone building in London sit the representatives of more than a billion people, searching anxiously for the answer to a baffling question.

How can they bring economic peace to a disordered world?

At long rows of desks, each covered with a pad of white blotting paper, are ranged the delegates of sixty-six nations. They are engaged in what is called the most momentous task since the framing of the Treaty of Versailles. What they do, or fail to do, may affect the course of world events for generations.

A successful settlement of their differences, observers assert, may well mean not only the end of the depression but a permanent era of better living conditions for all peoples. Their failure, on the other hand, it is declared, will inevitably intensify the present economic warfare, force each country to stand by itself, and turn the world into a collection of "hermit nations."

Success or failure—which will it be? Everybody is hopeful, of course, but it is plain that the majority opinion, both here and abroad, can see little chance for the Economic Conference to accomplish its purposes. These objectives, given in general outline by Edwin L. James in the New York *Times*, are:

"First, the raising of the world price level; second, the remedying of the present sorry monetary systems of many countries; and, third, the lowering of international trade barriers.

"No matter how different may be the economic problems of the many nations, they are all affected by these three purposes of the delegates."

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Fighting for Trade Peace

Secretary of State Cordell Hull, chairman of the American delegation at the London Economic Conference.

TREMENDOUS as these problems are, the Roosevelt Administration is hopeful that progress can be made. "Do your best," the President told our delegates just before they sailed. If they fail to obtain substantial results, we read, then the United States must turn to a drastic policy of national self-containment and fight its way alone back to prosperity.

It will be recalled that much of the preliminary work of the conference was accomplished at Washington in the series of conferences between President Roosevelt and the representatives of a dozen big nations. Now, at London, his orders are being carried out by a delegation headed by our Secretary of State, the tall, studious Cordell Hull, who hopes to end the economic woes of the world by a scaling down of tariff walls.

Assisting him as vice-chairman is the broad-shouldered, deep-chested James M. Cox, Democratic nominee for President in 1920, former Governor of Ohio, who may or may not be smoking his favorite corncob pipe in the conference recesses. Another delegate is the rugged, white-haired, square-jawed, blue-eyed Senator James Couzens, Independent Republican of Michigan.

If Senator Couzens has a reputation as a fighter, a fellow delegate is widely known for his extreme friendliness. He is Samuel D. McReynolds, big, gray-haired Representative from Tennessee.

Then there is the tall, thin, red-faced, stern Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, who is especially interested in the silver question. Less well known to the American people is Ralph W. Morrison, San Antonio banker, who used to travel all over the world selling machinery.

Conspicuous among the delegates of foreign nations are Ramsay MacDonald, Britain's white-thatched, strong-chinned Prime Minister, and the broad-bodied, blue-eyed Premier Daladier of France.

To show how complicated are the problems with which our delegates are dealing, Mark Sullivan turns to stabilization of currencies and tariffs in one of his Washington dispatches to the New York *Herald Tribune*. If the conference does not agree on stabilization, he says, "it is not likely to do much else—and nothing else it does will amount to much." Then:

"By stabilization is meant stabilization for purposes of international trade. What is sought, desperately, is that a man in the United States selling goods in England, or vice versa, shall be able to know for a month ahead what will be the value of the dollar or the pound, whichever is the currency in which the transaction is carried on; at present he does not know for twenty-four hours ahead, and international trade is almost paralyzed.

"And also, of course, that men in France doing business with men in England shall be able to have the same assurance. And the same with all nations.

"Stabilization of currencies is, of course, not an act standing alone. Let no one expect the delegates can sit down and say, 'let us agree this afternoon on stabilization of currencies.'

"Stabilization of currencies is associated with, is in large part a resultant of, other matters, central banking policy in each country and the relation of the central banks or national banking systems to each other; what to do about silver, if anything; whether to go back to the gold standard, and if so, when and at what valuation. Of all these, stabilization of currencies, stability of international exchange, is the sum."

More international trade will result from stabilization of

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Senator Pittman

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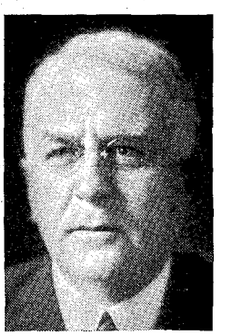
S. D. McReynolds

Wide World

James M. Cox

Keystone

R. W. Morrison



Bachrach

Senator Couzens

Other American Delegates at the World Economic Conference

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currencies, Mr. Sullivan adds, and "the result of that in turn is higher prices of goods all over the world"—

"And higher prices of goods is the aim of this conference internationally, just as higher prices of goods within the United States is the central aim of all President Roosevelt's measures.

"It would seem as if stabilized exchange should not be beyond the power of statesmen representing peoples who suffer terribly from the lack of it. But, in fact, each of the processes embraced within this one is complex and difficult."

And again—how difficult it will be for the delegates of sixty-six countries to agree upon tariffs. For "what foreign country," as John C. Cresswill says in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, "is willing to sacrifice any part of its home markets to our exporters?" He adds:

"Can one imagine France giving up its long-time policy of sheltering its wheat farmers—millions of them—to enable Paris perfumers to sell a little more fragrance to Americans? Can Britain be imagined turning back from its appealing enterprise of making the commercial world as scarlet as the world political atlas? Can Hitler's Germany, straining every nerve to reduce imports and expand exports in order to meet its debts and maintain its financial structure, with its dreams of military domination and glory, be comprehended as permitting its economic dependence to be further imperiled through invasion of its markets by American foodstuffs?

"And yet?

"Behind the nationalistic statesmen and governments stand those pathetic inarticulate millions of people who can see no improvement of their miserable status unless the world is open to them on terms of freer exchange.

"It may be that the governments are not yet ready to be eclipsed by humanity. The conference may fail. What then?

"Economic international conflict to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Perhaps the course the world has been following must be followed, until it can be followed no longer.

"If such be the event the United States will find itself in a relatively good position. The limits of the business we can do with ourselves have not yet been explored. And in a ruthless economic combat we do not stand to lose the decision."

And He Doesn't Even Vote

—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

But the conference may succeed, "succeed dramatically," Mr. Cresswill adds. "Never was the world so susceptible to change and so little afraid of it."

While some American papers are confident that the conference will succeed, most of them are pessimistic, or hold only faint hopes. Some fear that no substantial settlement can be reached until the question of war debts is solved.

One of the optimistic ones is the Cleveland *News*, which says that "much is expected of the London Conference; much should be." "America," it adds, "looks to see results that will be exprest in terms of jobs and dollars right here at home—and that speedily."

"Admitting the difficulties which must be surmounted," says the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, "one need not feel that the task is hopeless."

But the Baltimore *Evening Sun* would not be surprized to see the conference end in disaster—

"Such is the state of mind of fully half the world that it is not at all unlikely that the conference in London will be a complete failure and that our delegates will return empty-handed. In that even, the people of the United States must prepare to see a gradual lowering of their standard of living, with war or the threat of war as one of the constant facts of their lives.

"This is the real situation and it may as well be faced."

Our $50,000,000 Boost to China

The fifty million Reconstruction Finance Corporation dollars that are going to buy United States wheat and cotton for China have put our press in a critical and speculative mood.

Some journals, it is true, believe that the loan to the National Government—to be used for open-market purchases in this country—will prove a stimulus to trade, and result in a welcome reduction of wheat and cotton surpluses.

But in other editorial columns pointed questions are asked. Is the National Government sufficiently responsible to insure repayment? May not the sum involved in the transaction prove just another "war loan," eventually disturbing to trade? Does the deal mean that the United States is, in effect, taking China's part against Japan?

Congressmen debating veterans' compensation cuts were scornful of the loan, suggesting that R. F. C. funds should be used to help the needy in this country before credit is extended abroad.

Terms of the $50,000,000 credit to the National Government are explained in the Baltimore *Sun:*

"About $40,000,000 is to be used to buy cotton and about $10,000,000 will be expended for wheat and flour. Purchases are to be made from time to time in the open market and, as far as feasible, the goods will be shipped in American vessels.

"Officials of the finance corporation expect the deal will take upward of 1,000,000 bales of cotton off the American market and between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 bushels of wheat. [Present surpluses are estimated at 300,000,000 bushels for wheat and 13,000,000 bales for cotton.]

"Security for the loan, it was disclosed, will be a first charge on certain consolidated Chinese taxes, including roll tobacco tax, flour tax, cotton-yarn tax, cement tax, and other taxes which, the R. F. C. has been told, produced 22,000,000 American dollars in 1932."

The loan, it seems to the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "is one of those financial transactions which, if the theory of mutual profit is borne out in practise, will work in widening circles of beneficence." Further:

"The best feature is that here is a tangible step toward better commodity prices. It isn't a proposal or a promise. It is an accomplished trade, the final execution of which is a matter of machinery."

The pessimistic New York *Daily Investment News*, however, regards the sum involved as too small to merit much consideration, while the Boston *Post* hopes that the R. F. C. will have "better luck with its transactions than the Farm Board," regarding which it tells us:

"The Farm Board sold around $20,000,000 worth of wheat to China, taking the notes (which have not been paid as yet) of the Peiping Government in payment.

"The wily Chinese were in need of money, so, as soon as the wheat was received, they sold a good portion of it to the Soviet Government for cash and at a price below what they agreed to pay the Farm Board."

It is the Baltimore *Sun* that poses most sharply the question of Chinese responsibility, and asks: "Are we to be paid in money or goods? If goods, what goods can be brought in without arousing loud cries of 'dumping'? If money, what kind of money?"

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

"FRANCE wants security." The very thing Uncle Sam should have asked for when he loaned the money.—*Toledo Blade.*

ONE might say that the fortunes of stock gamblers reached their peak in 1929 and their pique in 1932.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THIS unregenerate city voted 40 to 1 for repeal. The drys now have the makings of a very snooty and exclusive society.—*The New Yorker.*

THE Morgan partners kept the letter of the law, says James Roosevelt. So they got that, too, did they?—*Omaha World-Herald.*

YOU wouldn't believe a little group of armed foreigners could lick a great yellow race if you didn't know about our racketeers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE'S always a dark side, and when conditions do improve for the business man it's going to play havoc with his golf game.—*Springfield Union.*

THE House of Morgan, it has been shown, keeps a list of Not-Forgotten Men.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

ABOUT the worst way for a country to go to the dogs is for it to go to the war dogs.—*Atlanta Journal.*

WE talk about our rôle in European affairs, but what Europe is more interested in is our roll.—*Springfield Union.*

JAPAN "agrees in principle" to the sentiment exprest in Roosevelt's plea to the world. France also says No.—*Detroit News.*

NEW YORK police report that the pickpocket is disappearing. Perhaps he's merely getting discouraged.—*Louisville Herald-Post.*

IT seems next to impossible for Chinese troops to find a location where they are satisfactory to the Japanese.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

A CHINESE recently deceased at a great age had married sixty-three times. It is competition like this that makes our film industry feel its infancy.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

ALL that Japan wants is most of China and a Navy equal to any in the world. Well, anyway, that's all she wants for the moment.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IT will surprize us a lot if in the end Europe does not charge us a good stiff commission for permitting us to cancel those war debts.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

THE dairying business, we understand, is somewhat better, but even now about all a conservative farmer can say confidentially to his cows is: "So-so, Boss!"—*Boston Herald.*

FARMERS in the Middle West are dumping milk in an effort to end the price war. What they should do is spread propaganda asking the consumer to push the cap in with his thumb.—*Judge.*

ONLY a short year ago, the chief problems confronting Franklin D. Roosevelt were getting himself nominated and disposing of the Jimmy Walker matter. Those were the easy old days.—*Kansas City Star.*

THINGS are improving. People are beginning to remove their bills now from the envelops.—*Chattanooga News.*

THERE are 5,280 feet in a mile unless it happens to be on a detour, when it is approximately 23,765 feet.—*Springfield Union.*

A TARIFF truce is all right, but don't forget that our infant industries are now asking for an old-age pension.—*Arizona Beacon (Phœnix).*

AND if grass should grow in our streets during the Democratic Administration, F. D. R. would make hay of it while the sun shines.—*Atlanta Journal.*

A LIVERPOOL man claims to have invented a game which in some respects resembles golf. We have been playing a game like that for years.—*The Humorist (London).*

"SHOULD young men be taught housekeeping?" asks a writer. It seems a good idea. The young women might then think it manly to imitate them.—*Punch (London).*

THE death penalty might not stop kidnaping, but it would discourage repeaters.—*Washington Post.*

WOULD a collection of our inflated currency come under the head of pneumismatics?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AFTER Senator Borah has got Russia recognized, of course he will give her a piece of his mind.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE Good Old Days that the Nazis would bring back with their book bonfires and so forth go pretty far back.—*Detroit News.*

THE stability of marriages, declares a California professor, is weakening bit by bit. Ah, so? We thought it was scrap by scrap.—*Boston Herald.*

RUSSIA and Japan are disputing over a railroad. We wonder which nation is trying to force the other one to operate it.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

MENCKEN thinks the small-town press will succumb to the radio. Has he tried scalloping the edge of a toothpaste hour and laying it on a pantry shelf?—*Detroit News.*

RECONSTRUCTION FINANCE CORPORATION funds have reminded a number of cities of something they always wanted but couldn't afford.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE profession of private banking, says Mr. Morgan, "has been practised since the Middle Ages." That could have been surmised from some of its practises.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE Drug Institute of America has been organized to end cut-throat competition. This may soon bring a revolution in the methods of selling books, bathing slippers, and roller-skates.—*New York Times.*

THE unjustly anonymous conductor of "Topics of the Times" suggests that Arcturus's heavenly buddies might be tapped for various inaugurations and celebrations. He offers, among others, the Big Dipper for a Tammany District Convention, and Gemini for an Anti-Birth Control Convention. Why not Sirius for the next Dog Show? . . . And most exhibitions, shows and conventions might as well be started by Luna herself.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

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A Lot of Excitement for Robinson Crusoe—Let's Hope They Don't Run Into Each Other

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Spain's Conflict With the Vatican

THE "DECLARATION OF SPIRITUAL WAR" as Vatican City diplomatic circles interpret the strongly worded encyclical of Pope Pius XI in which he reproaches the Government of the Spanish Republic because of their "serious attack on religion and the Church" does not mean, as was first believed, that President Niceto Alcala Zamora and other members of the Republican régime are formally excommunicated from the Church.

The so-called "surprize encyclical" was issued on June 3, the day after President Zamora signed the bill enacting new Spanish religious laws, which nationalize all Church property and forbid religious orders from engaging in industry or in teaching.

Keystone

Reproved by the Vatican

President Zamora of Spain (L.) and Premier Azaña.

But President Zamora, who is a Catholic, was in a very difficult position because, we read in a Madrid wireless dispatch to the New York *Times*, Spain is now in "a revolutionary status." The Presidential powers of the short, stocky, white-haired Andalusian lawyer, who left a prison cell to send Alfonso XIII into exile, are said to be decidedly limited.

For all that President Zamora, acting under pressure from various quarters, brought about the abrupt resignation of Premier Manuel Azaña, whose Left Wing coalition government became increasingly unpopular as it developed into "a virtual dictatorship." Altho some feel the President might call on Señor Azaña to form another government, it is regarded as more likely that he will summon a neutral Premier with a Left Government. In a Madrid cable to the New York *Times*, Frank L. Kluckhohn, tells us:

"Señor Azaña has been a strong man who has always declared that his government would fall only in the constituent Parliament, where he could have mustered a majority even to-day, but he was forced to quit after the President's withdrawal of confidence and bow to the mediating power after all.

"Senor Alcala Zamora was actuated partly by pressure from Church quarters and partly by a feeling that the continuance of Premier Azaña's Socialist-dominated government might end in class warfare or serious danger to the republic, since the hostility to the régime's existence ranged from infuriated monarchists of the extreme Right to the anarchical syndicates of the extreme Left and included the bourgeoisie, who are sick of the continued Socialist attacks."

Meanwhile it is pointed out none of the Azaña Government's measures for carrying the Church law into effect will now be valid.

CABLED advices to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Madrid state that none of the Spanish Republican papers commented on the Pope's encyclical which they "buried in inside pages" But Catholic papers displayed it prominently on the first page and commented editorially.

El Debate of Madrid not only printed it but also issued the encyclical in pamphlet form "in behalf of the faith which is exalted by the persecution of subversive sects and social organizations that are slaves to exotic and occult powers."

Editorially this newspaper announces its "irreducible aim to fight tirelessly and to the end against those who disregard or underrate the Papal sovereignty, against those usurping national opinion who want to deny our tradition and native history and make Spain a disgraceful exception among civilized nations."

ABC, former monarchist journal of Madrid, blames the Catholics themselves for the state of things. Urging them to wake up and be valorous in their beliefs, *ABC* interprets the encyclical as a call upon them to defend their faith and spiritual life, and it adds that "for all believers and pious men it is a case of conscience to lend help."

"No Catholic," says *ABC*, "will be able to live in peace with his conscience if he abandons or neglects the urgent duties outlined in the encyclical."

ABC also charges that Spanish Catholics had misinterpreted the attitude of "prudent expectation" which the Church had imposed upon them, and it adds:

"With the relaxation of religious feeling sectarianism has fallen into an attitude of selfish softness. The assumption of such an unfortunate attitude hurts us more than all the excesses of the revolutionary policy."

THE Law of Confessions and Religious Congregations, the technical title of the Spanish act which has brought on so much trouble, is explained in a Madrid cable to THE LITERARY DIGEST by William H. Lander, United Press staff correspondent in that city:

"The nationalization of property will not be felt, as the Church will be allowed to continue using it. The prohibition against engaging in industry will be hard to put into effect, as ownership may be hidden in all sorts of ways, as was found out when the Government attempted to seize the property of the Jesuits.

"Where the new law will be most felt will be in education. When the next fall school term begins, on October 1, the religious orders must already have ceased engaging in teaching, except in the case of primary students, who may be allowed to continue under the monks and nuns until January 1, 1934.

"According to the Church estimates, no less than 699,837

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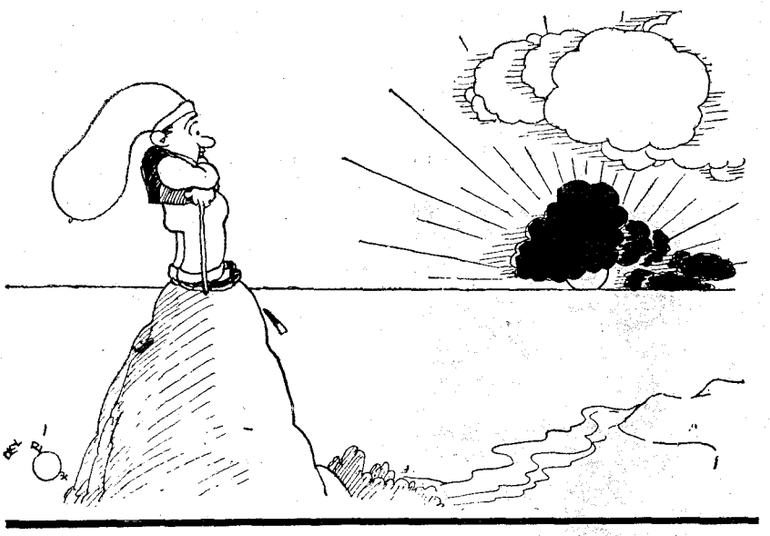
students, of whom 601,950 are primary pupils, will be affected by the law. The Minister of Public Instruction, Fernando de los Rios, estimates the figures at slightly lower level.

"It is a herculean task for the Government to substitute the machinery of education for so many thousands of children, and it is doubted if it can be done effectively without upsets. The Government proposed to operate the schools taken over from the Jesuits in January, 1932, but has failed in most cases to carry them on. De los Rios, however, is optimistic, and believes that by intensive summer sessions he can train several thousand professors to be ready to start work this autumn.

"The religious orders from now on will be exclusively restricted to devotional and spiritual enterprises. This will naturally have a serious effect on many of the orders which were primarily engaged in teaching. At the time of the fall of the monarchy, Spain, with a population of 23,000,000, had 3,545 convents with 34,868 nuns; 990 monasteries with 9,506 monks; 30,841 priests; 1,085 seminary professors, and 6,395 seminary students.

"With the separation of Church and State the Government will, by December 31, 1933, cease paying the salaries of the priests who formerly were government functionaries.

"Despite their claims of persecution, the Catholics contend that Spain is now more Catholic than ever, and that the faith is on the increase."



Political Atmosphere in Spain

"The sky doesn't seem to be clearing. It still keeps black."
—"Esquella de la Torratxa" (Barcelona).

THIS Madrid informant also advises us that, altho millions of Spanish Catholics are indignant because President Alcala Zamora signed the religious law, it is considered significant that not a single prominent churchman or leader of the Catholic-Agrarian party openly criticized the President and—

"This was considered as reflecting a belief that had he vetoed the bill it would have acted as a boomerang against the Catholics, since the Cortes Constituyentes could have overridden his veto easily, thereby stimulating the rabid anticlerical movement.

"Under the popular interpretation of the Pope's encyclical President Alcala Zamora is technically open to excommunication charges, it is believed here that none will be preferred.

"The Catholic tactics at present consist largely of strengthening the 'Accion Catolica,' which is modeled along the lines of Catholic organizations in the United States.

"A boycott against government schools is being organized, as well as a strong electoral campaign, in the hope that before President Alcala Zamora's term expires, he will be able to sign a bill repealing the present law."

The Catholic Church "could no longer bear what it considers the trampling underfoot of its legitimate rights—rights which some people will prefer to call simply traditional prerogatives—and has declared a spiritual war on the Government of the most Catholic nation in the world." Such is the contention of an independent, Spanish-language newspaper published in New York—*La Informacion*, which proceeds:

"The incident is graver and more painful than the other political and economic difficulties against which Spain is struggling. The nation, in effect, now is in a critical period from every point of view and needs serenity in order to complete a new structure without causing any more damage than necessary to the remainder of the old. The spiritual war of immense proportions which the Vatican has implanted certainly will not tend to promote a spirit of tolerance."

Hitlerism and Bolshevism Akin

A STRIKING AND IRONICAL SIMILARITY is to be found between the Hitlerite German Government and the Bolshevik Government of Soviet Russia.

First of all, appears the concentration of all power in the hands of a single party.

Secondly, the Soviet and German dictatorships are said to be not mere one-man shows of Stalin and of Hitler. Rather they are systems of thought which have won the allegiance of considerable numbers of Russians and Germans, and have compelled the acquiescence of the remainder.

This is the contention of a correspondent of the London *Observer*, who notes further that both systems are dominated by fanatical and absolute convictions, and he reminds us:

"Everywhere in Germany to-day one encounters the belief in the supreme cultural, moral, and civilizing mission of the Aryan race. And all articulate Russia has been taught for the last decade and a half that the proletariat has the high destiny of remolding civilization on a higher plane.

"If one mentally substitutes a race complex for a class complex, or vice versa, an extraordinary number of Russian and German manifestations seem very similar.

"This is, perhaps, even more true in the cultural than in the political field. For years the Soviet stage and the Soviet cinema have been filled with productions showing the proletarians—triumphantly building new factories, electrical power plants, State and collective farms, and what not, crushing the bourgeois saboteur, sweeping forward to a new social order.

"And Germany to-day is experiencing an extraordinary flood of plays and cinema performances, extolling the past and present glories of the Teutonic race.

"Absolute ideas invariably demand victims; and the ruthless treatment which is deliberately meted out to Jews in Germany is closely paralleled by the creation in the Soviet Union of a sort of pariah caste of 'Lishentsi' or disfranchised persons.

"Under this classification fall former aristocrats and merchants, priests and ministers of religion, kulaks, or former well-to-do peasants, etc.; and the 'Lishenetz' in Russia leads a miserable existence, unable to receive a food card, liable to expulsion from the larger cities, disqualified for State employment."

THE dismissal of hundreds of German professors on grounds of racial origin or the holding of views distasteful to the present régime, we are told, finds a close parallel in the purging of Russian universities, where the suspicion of "anti-Marxism" is as dangerous to the harassed savant as the suspicion of "Marxism" is to his German colleague. So it is argued:

"The difference in doctrine and ideals between National Socialism and Russian Communism only serves, in some ways, to bring out more strongly some similarities of method and psychology. Both dictatorships, in contrast to the old-fashioned type of hereditary autocracy or military dictatorship, enjoy the organized support of considerable masses of the population, so that even foreign observers who are most skeptical about the high claims put forward for the Aryan race in Germany and for the proletariat in Russia are generally inclined to concede the long-term stability of the Hitlerite and the Soviet régimes."

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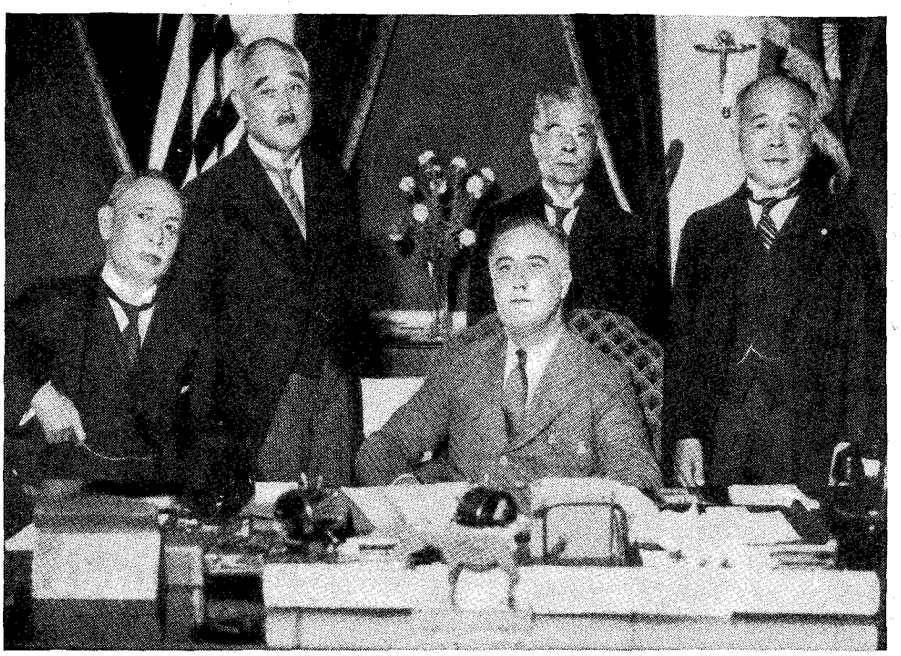
The New Deal in Japanese-American Relations

OLD FRIENDSHIP IS RESTORED and new cooperation is promised in the dealings between Japan and the United States.

That is the feeling of some Japanese editors in discussing the meeting of President Roosevelt and Viscount Kikujiro Ishii of Japan, when the latter was on his way from Washington to the World Economic Conference at London.

Warmest praise is exprest for President Roosevelt and his Administration, because as the Japanese press put it, he has lifted relations between the two countries from the dangerous situation in which they lay and created an atmosphere of trust and confidence.



Acme

For "World Peace and Prosperity"

Left to right: Viscount Ishii, chief delegate to the World Economic Conference; Juukuro Kadono, economic adviser; President Roosevelt; Eigo Fukai, Deputy Governor of the Bank of Japan; and Japan's Ambassador to the United States, Katsuyi Debuchi.

INDEED something of the cordiality resulting from the Roosevelt-Ishii talks is apparent, we are told, in Japan's official reply, "accepting in principle," the peace project which President Roosevelt addrest to the world on May 16. But Japan reserves the right to take up details concerning the President's plan "as occasion offers."

Following the talks between President Roosevelt and Viscount Ishii, they issued a joint statement. Special significance is said to attach to this passage in it:

"We hope that the countries of the Far East, along with those of the Occident, will be able to contribute substantially, in a spirit of cooperation, to the laying of solid foundations for a structure of world peace and prosperity."

President Roosevelt's stand on the Manchurian question as shown to Viscount Ishii greatly interests the Japanese press, and the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi* describes him as recognizing Japan's "special position in Manchuria," but also suggesting the necessity "for explanation." In an article purporting to give the substance of a talk on this problem, *Nichi-Nichi* quotes Mr. Roosevelt as follows:

"I trust Japan. She should surely contend that her true spirit is against violation of treaties. Could not Japan, therefore, strive to show by deeds that the Japanese are a peaceful people?

"Altho I recognize Japan's special position in Manchuria, Japan's action is generally considered a violation of treaties, or unreasonable.

"Japan must certainly have had proper reasons for acting as she did, but is it not a weakness on her part to allow her action to be regarded as violating treaties?"

IN reply to Mr. Roosevelt's declaration, Viscount Ishii is reported to have said:

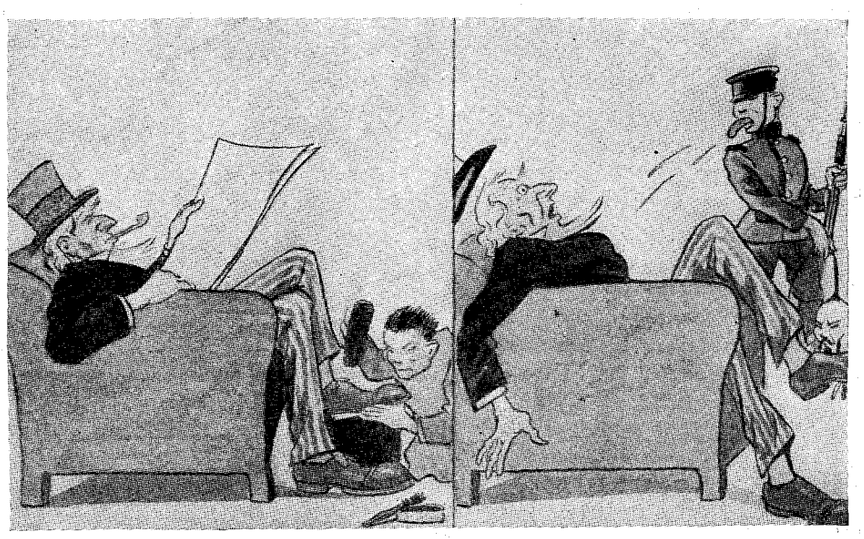
"I deeply appreciate your profound understanding of Japan. Just as you have said, the Japanese are a peace-loving people.

"Japanese relations with Manchuria date back several decades. Japan's military operations in Manchuria were undertaken for protection of Japan's acquired rights there and were within the limits of treaties, and in no way violate any pact.

"I myself have a most sincere respect for your efforts to promote peace and prosperity. It is my firm conviction that Japan, too, is doing her share in the great cause of peace."

Japan's need of friendship not alone with the United States but with all nations is emphasized by the Tokyo *Jiji*, which points out that Viscount Ishii's mission to the World Economic Conference is not limited to economic problems. They will be left largely to experts.

The task of this veteran diplomat, asserts *Jiji*, is to readjust Japan's international relations to meet the situation created by her withdrawal from the League of Nations.



Japanese-American Relations

Once upon a time— But now—

—"Mucha" (Warsaw).

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"Uncle Tom," "Authentic Americana"

IN OLD DAYS WHEN THE CHURCH and the stage were not on friendly terms, the one play that devout church members permitted themselves was perhaps "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

With a history of eighty years or so, this play founded on Mrs. Stowe's novel has seen numberless metamorphoses. If it is expiring in a blaze of glory in the present revival by the Players' Club of New York, this apotheosis will go far to wipe out some of the indignities heaped upon it in the past.

New York, so the play bill tells us, has not seen "Uncle Tom" since 1901, when Mr. Brady made an elaborate revival—with "bloodhounds, wooden ice-blocks, slave market," and all. The "road" still clung to its old favorite until a year or two ago when, so the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* reminds us, "the news went out that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had at last ended its run, that not one company was to be seen anywhere on the stage anywhere in this country."

Reporting for the country at large the Detroit *Free Press* shows what theatrical heights and depths the play in its long run of popularity compassed:

"As time passed the play became a free-for-all. Everybody played it, in any manner and with whatever embellishments the producer considered most effective. From Joseph Jefferson and Lawrence Barrett to Fred Stone, Mary Pickford, and the Duncan Sisters, stage stars or stars in the making have had their fling at a part in a presentation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly.'

"Meanwhile there developed the theatrical phenomenon, called succinctly the 'Tom Show.' It was a rival of the circus for favor in the little towns, the tank-towns, the one-night stands, too insignificant for starring companies who traveled 'the road.' Even in Michigan in the first decade of the twentieth century 'Tom Shows' set up their tents in small communities, where *Little Eva* sold photographs in the audience between acts, even after she had presumably gone, golden-haired, and angelic, to heaven.

"The Players' revival will give New York audiences the chance to witness an excellent production of the old classic which Mr. Skinner describes as drama of power, with vital characterization, appealing humor, touching pathos, and above everything else 'theater,' as those of the stage understand that term. But only those who still remember the tented 'Tom Show' of their youth know the flavor of that American life of which the 'Tom Show' was an integral, tho intermittent, part."

Courtesy of the artist, F. D. Steele

Otis Skinner as "Uncle Tom"

From a drawing from life by Frederic Dorr Steele.

The last sentence chimes in with an observation of the Rochester paper: "The truth about 'Uncle Tom,' we suppose, is that there is something about it that is eternally in tune with the American temperament. While nobody ever seems to take the play quite seriously, people do flock to see it."

What has kept the play alive for so many years is probably due to what Mr. Skinner suggests above, and what John Mason Brown of the New York *Evening Post* develops, that it is "good theater":

"Undoubtedly if read at home most of the foul villainies, the rusty humors and Sunday-school beatitudes of the play would seem ridiculous to say the least. They can make no claims to literary merit. They are bluntly fashioned, without regard for style or innuendo, or even common sense. But when encountered behind the footlights, and acted as earnestly as they are by the Players, they do more than hold the attention.

"They are humiliating proofs that Mr. Aiken knew his business—the theater's business, if you will—better than do any number of our post-Freudian and very adult dramatists who pride themselves on their sophistication and their style. Mr. Aiken knew, at any rate, how to turn out a show; to put something on the stage which, as he has dramatized it, is inconceivable off of it. Nor has his hokum lost all of its power even now.

"His wheezy drama was, and is, designed for susceptible audiences; for playgoers who welcome an opportunity to surrender to the thrill of the theater's most palpable make-believe. He treated audiences like children on a holiday, which is perhaps the way in which they should, and must, be treated—at least occasionally—if the theater is to continue to be theatrical.

"But in the midst of much pleasant laughter at the more blatant absurdities in his writing, and in spite of the many barnstorming years his play has weathered, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' still casts a spell over playgoers at the Alvin."

THERE was nothing of the "Tom Show" in the Players' revival which was done for a limited run in New York. They have "not been misled into putting on one of those spoof revivals which have been so common in recent years, and which have a way of being very funny for the first fifteen minutes or so, and then going suddenly sour," says Mr. Brown. "The Players give 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a chance, acting it in all seriousness so that modern audiences can revel in its claptrap joys."

Giving Richard Lockridge of *The Sun* a chance to report on the proceedings:

"Otis Skinner played it years ago, when it was not funny, and

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it is not funny as he plays it now. Doubtless it is no discovery that the old play, for all its stilted language and all its heavy moralism—not even for all the scarcely bearable purity of young *Eva*—has broad bands of grand drama in it. But possibly one who never saw a Tom show before may report on this odd circumstance.

"And, with here and there an exception, the members of the Players' cast are content to let it stand as a play; to play it 'straight' and with no overemphasis. Pedro de Cordoba, to be sure, does reduce the story of *George Harris's* escape, which I clearly remember thrilling over happily, years ago, to the status of comic relief. And the hounds (courtesy of a Mr. Budd, M. F. H.) are a little comical, as dogs have a habit of being on the stage. But Elizabeth Risdon's *Eliza* has an appeal that nothing can shake, and it is not the appeal of the curio.

"Several of the big scenes will get you, if you don't watch out. You may even forget that it's all old hokum. The slave-market scene, for example, is stirring drama in which the violent taking of sides is unavoidable. Mr. Skinner is in this scene as in so many others, quietly moving. You will find nothing to smile at in the dumb appeal with which he turns toward his white friends as *Legree* bids against them.

"Throughout, the drama is intensified by Donald Oenslager's sets, rudely painted in the style of the period, but in tone with the sincerity of the playing. It is not only authentic Americana; it is in its own right a pretty grand evening."

Dramatic Critics Who Disagree

THE TEN BEST PLAYS OF THE SEASON, whether we've seen them or hope to, are of interest to the wider public than merely New York's.

Some plays take themselves to what remains of "the road"; some have already been visited by out-of-town sojourners in New York.

Burns Mantle of *The Daily News* has long had the field of enshrining his choices in a book; he has a rival this year in Robert Garland of *The World-Telegram*, who has devised a novel method of showing up the likes of the leading critics, and the startling result is that "no single attraction met with the approval of every first-stringer. The best that can be done is nine votes out of a possible eleven."

His nine does not include three "first-string critics" because "Mr. Mantle is reserving his selection for his own paper. Mr. Atkinson, when last heard from, was in China. And Mr. Pollock is so hard to reach that he might as well be."

First, then, to name and assign the critics to their respective papers, after mentioning Burns Mantle of *The Daily News:*

"Those other professional playgoers take in Kelcey Allen of *Women's Wear;* Brooks Atkinson, of *The Times;* John Mason Brown, of *The Post;* Julius Cohen, of *The Journal of Commerce;* Rowland Field, of the Brooklyn *Times-Union;* Gilbert W. Gabriel, of *The American;* Robert Garland, of *The World-Telegram;* Percy Hammond, of *The Herald Tribune;* Richard Lockridge, of *The Sun;* Arthur Pollock, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and Walter Winchell, of *The Mirror.*"

MR. GARLAND'S graphic chart will give a quick view of professional critical reactions to the twenty-six plays of the season meeting critical favor. His comments on the critics merit attention, and may solve some amateur quandaries as to our own divergence from professional judgment:

Critics' Selections	ALLEN	ANDERSON	BOLTON	BROWN	COHEN	FIELD	GABRIEL	GARLAND	HAMMOND	LOCKRIDGE	WINCHELL	TOTALS
Alice in Wonderland		X		X			X	X				4
Alien Corn	X		X			X	X					4
American Dream								X				1
Biography	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X		9
Both Your Houses	X		X	X	X	X	X		X		X	8
Clear All Wires			X	X								2
Dangerous Corner									X			1
Design for Living		X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	9
Dinner at Eight	X		X		X	X	X		X	X		7
Flying Colors						X						1
Forsaking All Others									X			1
Gay Divorce									X			1
Good-by Again	X	X		X				X			X	5
Late Christopher Bean	X	X	X		X		X	X	X	X	X	9
Little Ol' Boy		X										1
Men Must Fight										X		1
Music in the Air				X	X		X	X	X	X	X	7
New Gossoon			X									1
One Sunday Afternoon	X	X			X	X		X		X	X	7
Pigeons and People		X	X									2
Run, Little Chillun	X			X	X		X	X				5
Success Story							X			X		2
Strike Me Pink									X			1
Take a Chance		X		X	X	X		X	X	X		8
Twentieth Century	X			X		X					X	4
When Ladies Meet	X	X	X	X	X	X		X		X	X	9

Chart of Critical Dramatic Preferences

"If you're an amateur sports page reader, and find box scores a problem in higher mathematics, you may look upon these facts as both lucid and illuminating. From the general vote you learn that each critic who has a voice in this tabulation has chosen a 'pet' play—a favorite of his own which does not turn up in the lists of his aisle colleagues.

"Percy Hammond, for instance, was the lone eagle admirer of 'Dangerous Corner,' that much-ado about *Martin*, by J. B. Priestley, which enjoyed a forced and overlengthy run on Broadway. Rowland Field, of the Brooklyn *Times-Union*, includes 'Flying Colors' on his ten-best list and he—heaven help him—is alone in his choice of that one.

"John Anderson is the one and only admirer of 'Little Ol' Boy,' which failed to find favor in the eyes of first-night counselors; Richard Lockridge casts one of ten precious votes for 'Men Must Fight,' now forgotten. Whitney Bolton, who hasn't succeeded in putting those Abbey Players from Ireland out of his mind, casts one vote for 'The New Gossoon.' And again Mr. Field, who holds the record for individuality this season, mentions 'Forsaking All Others' as another on his ten best list.

"Mr. Hammond—(no, on second glance, Mr. Field does not hold the record)—is the only one to include 'Strike Me Pink.' And Robert Garland is the only one to put in a good, kind word for 'American Dream,' by George O'Neill, which, he still thinks, is a 'finely wrought, beautifully written, genuinely perturbing play.'

"If some fastidious, methodical chap came along and demanded a concise, composite list of the ten best plays of the year—those that stood highest in the esteem of the New York dramatic critics—he would be confronted with these:—'Biography,' 'Design for Living,' 'The Late Christopher Bean,' 'When Ladies Meet,' 'Both Your Houses,' 'Take a Chance,' 'Dinner at Eight,' 'Music in the Air,' 'One Sunday Afternoon,' and a split choice between 'Good-by Again' and 'Run, Little Chillun.' Even at this late date both these shows are vying for first place.

"Then there're the shows that are suspended in mid-air, as it were, between the top and the bottom of the list. And in any poll these in-betweens, I suppose, would belong to the 'Honorable Mention' department. Of these, there're 'Alien Corn,' 'Clear All Wires,' 'Gay Divorce,' 'Pigeons and People,' 'Success Story,' and 'Twentieth Century.'

"They're those poor things which were battered about, at their arrival, in a confusion of mixed opinions. Mixed opinions that didn't seem to matter.

"What, then, has happened to the ten best? 'Biography' is still running along nicely at the Avon under the auspices of the beaming Theater Guild. 'Design for Living' broke up when Noel Coward was seized with the wanderlust. 'The Late Christopher Bean' died with its boots on after a life of profitable longevity. 'When Ladies Meet' closed its return engagement after a tiff with International scenery shifters.

"'Both Your Houses' is back in town and will soon tramp about in the hinterland with a shiny Pulitzer Prize medal on its lapel. 'Take a Chance' has paid back its risk at the Apollo.

"'Dinner at Eight' is now being served on the road. 'Music in the Air' is still telling every little star of the nice box-office receipts at the Forty-fourth Street Theater. 'One Sunday Afternoon' continues to dispense the perfume of old lavender and lace at the Forty-eighth Street Theater. And the tie candidates, 'Good-bye Again' and 'Run, Little Chillun,' are settling down to summer runs."

TO complete the record, Mr. Mantle's list is: "Both Your Houses," "Dinner at Eight," "When Ladies Meet," "Design for Living," "Biography," "Alien Corn," "We the People," "One Sunday Afternoon," "The Late Christopher Bean" "Pigeons and People."

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Presbyterian Fundamentalists Defeated

IT WAS "A BLESSING to the Presbyterian Church" when fourteen-year-old John McDowell lost an arm in a Pennsylvania mine accident.

"I'm afraid, my boy," said the doctor after he had finished the amputation, "you'll have only a brain left."

So the boy who had been working as a breaker to help his father supplement the meager family income, yielded to his ambition to get an education, and struggled through the Mount Hermon School, founded by Dwight L. Moody at East Northfield, Massachusetts, and through Princeton and Princeton Theological Seminary, to become a force in the Presbyterian ministry.

But his election as Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. at the 145th General Assembly, held in Columbus, Ohio, brought sorrow to Dr. J. Gresham Machen, leader of the Fundamentalist defenders of the Presbyterian creed. To Mrs. Pearl S. Buck, famous novelist and student of Chinese life and literature, it brought a moral victory. She believes in Christ, but it really doesn't matter, she thinks, whether He ever actually lived or is merely a figure fashioned out of men's hopes and dreams.

Dr. Machen had charged her with holding views contrary to the doctrines of her Church, and had accused the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of holding modernistic views because it accepted her resignation as a missionary "with regret." He had hoped, it seems, to elect a Fundamentalist as Moderator and to change the membership of the Board of Foreign Missions.

A "Middle-of-the-road" Man

Dr. John McDowell. He lost an arm in boyhood, studied for the ministry, and is now Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. by an overwhelming vote over the Fundamentalist candidate.

But Dr. McDowell, Scotch, sixty-three and rugged despite the loss of his left arm, received 691 out of 836 votes cast for Moderator. "We are living in days of short budgets," said his nominator, the Rev. George H. Talbott, of Passaic, New Jersey, "and I recommend for your consideration a Scotsman."

Dr. McDowell was born in Dalry, Scotland. Tho trained under the famous Moody, he is a "middle-of-the-road man." The Rev. Frank R. Elder, of Cincinnati, candidate of the Fundamentalists, received only 120 votes, and a complimentary vote of twenty-five was given to the Rev. George H. Shea, of Quarryville, Pennsylvania.

THIS was the first blow to the Fundamentalists. Two days later came the second when the General Assembly gave an overwhelming vote of confidence to the Board of Foreign Missions. On what was termed the "Machen overture" the General Assembly adopted the report of its foreign missions committee, which recommended "no action." This overture, presented by the presbyteries of Philadelphia, and Aberdeen, South Dakota, recommended, in effect, that only candidates committed to strict literal interpretations of the Scriptures be enlisted for missionary work.

After the vote, Dr. H. McAllister Griffiths of Philadelphia, announced that "a new board will be organized by Bible-believing Christians to promote truly Biblical and truly Presbyterian mission work." Twenty men and five women, said Dr. Griffiths, who is managing editor of *Christianity Today*, organ of the "Bible-believing" group, had consented to be members of the "tentative board." A meeting for organization is to be held in Philadelphia this month. The aim of the new board is announced thus:

"If you believe the Bible to be the word of God and desire to act on that belief, we pledge our faith, so far as it is humanly possible, that not a dollar of your contributions shall go for the propagation of modernism, and every dollar of it will be used for the propagation of the Gospel of Christ as it is taught in Holy Scripture and is so gloriously summarized in the Westminster Confession of Faith."

THE minority report of the committee on missions was printed in the record of proceedings, but several commissioners stated, we read, that the proposal of the Fundamentalists to set up their own board would have no effect, and would receive no official recognition.

It seems that a somewhat similar dispute arose among Southern Presbyterians, and was disposed of by action of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, meeting in Montreat, North Carolina. Here a small group attempted to discipline Dr. Hay Watson Smith, of Little Rock, for what it regarded as his heretical views. According to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch:*

"The charges against him were grounded chiefly in statements he had made concerning the theory of evolution. Dr. Smith was one of the most active leaders in Arkansas in the fight to prevent that State from adopting an anti-evolution bill. He saw that the adoption of such a measure would merely make the State a laughing stock, and said so.

"Arkansas disregarded his advice, and now it is contrary to law there for any State-supported institution to use either *Webster's Dictionary* or the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as a work of reference, since both accept the evolutionary theory as valid.

"Action of the Southern Presbyterian Church in dismissing complaints against Dr. Smith, and of the Northern Church in sustaining its Foreign Mission Board in the Buck case, would seem to indicate that these two denominations, long among the most conservative in the country with regard to doctrinal matters, are tending in the direction of modernism."

DR. ERNEST THOMPSON, of Charleston, West Virginia, was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

To return to action taken by the General Assembly at Columbus, it reaffirmed "unaltered opposition" to repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and adopted a resolution authorizing a conference with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States to determine the possibility of enacting constitutional amendments in each church. The proposed amendments would make it possible for ministers serving congregations composed of membership from both communions to hold memberships in both presbyteries. The assembly also announced changes in the marriage laws had been ratified by 173 presbyteries out of 290, and were, therefore, the law of the Church. The new section recommends that pastors receive three days' notice of intention to marry to avoid "ill-considered unions," and eliminates "obedience" from the promise of the wife. Action on union with the United Presbyterian Church was deferred for a year.

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Shoes for Southerners? Never!

MISS FRANCES PERKINS, Secretary of Labor, certainly put her foot in it when she suggested that there are great social possibilities in shoeing the South.

The South laughed as it hasn't laughed since Reconstruction, when there weren't any shoes to speak of, except those brought by the carpetbaggers. And most of them were in such a hurry for the pickings that they brought only the pair they wore.

True, some of the Southern editors and Members of Congress became politely indignant, and suggest that the people of the South might be better shod if they were better heeled—if, for instance, they could get enough for their cotton and tobacco to buy even a pair of laces.

But if Madame Secretary thinks that the boys and girls of the South would give up the privilege of going barefoot between blossom-time and frost, let her go down now to, say, Virginia or the Carolinas, Georgia or Alabama and try to fit a pair of brogans on the first barefoot boy she meets.

To tell the truth, however—and Southerners hate to contradict a lady, even a Madame Secretary—there are Southerners who do wear shoes. In fact, some grown-ups may be seen wearing them the year round, even in July and August, and Miss Perkins is invited to cross the Potomac and see for herself as daintily shod feet as ever tap-tapped on the sidewalks of New York. Moreover, it is suggested that many people are on their uppers on these same sidewalks, and that the sweat-shops of New England leave a small margin for shoes after the grocer and butcher are paid.

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The Joke's on Her

Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, suggested that a social revolution would take place if Southerners were shod, and the South laughed.

BUT Miss Perkins evidently thinks that shoes are as scarce in the South as pajamas are in Polynesia. Here is what the Associated Press quotes her as saying to the girls' work section of the Welfare Council of New York City:

"Those of you who have lived all your lives in communities where the wearing of shoes is a commonplace have, perhaps, forgotten how important and significant a social contribution are shoes.

"When you realize that the whole South of this country is an untapped market for shoes, you realize we haven't yet reached the end of the social benefits and the social goods that may come from the further development of the mass-production system on a basis of consuming power of the South, which will make possible the universal use of shoes in the South. . . . A social revolution will take place if you put shoes on the people of the South."

"And what a revolution it would be," exclaims John Temple Graves II, shuddering at the thought. Stretching out his shoeless and sockless feet to catch a faint breeze coming through the window of his office in the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, he pictures the strange scene of shod Southerners:

"Imagine, for example, the extraordinary appearance this Wednesday's meeting of the Birmingham Rotary Club would make if every member came actually wearing shoes!

"Imagine the wear and tear on the sidewalks of every village in Alabama if a good 50 per cent. of the pedestrians were shod in hard leather!

"Imagine the sensation in Alabama cotton mills and coal mines if some of the workers failed to come barefooted!

"Picture the utterly dumfounding effect of a farm festival with all the farmers and all the farmers' wives appearing in covered feet! Think of the vast social consequences of a day when 40,000,000 fancy free Southerners are no longer footloose!

"But we want to ask one thing of Miss Perkins. When the revolution comes, we do hope she will excuse some of us on very hot days in the country."

Virginians, it seems, however, do wear shoes, and, looking at his well-shined oxfords, the editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* bids the people of the Old Dominion not to "get so excited every time somebody from the North says something dumb about Southern customs, or Southern manners, or Southern pronunciation, or Southern what have you. Suppose we see," he says, "if we can't greet such assertions with a hearty horse-laugh, instead of with a barrage of statistics, and some counter-charges that Abraham Lincoln was a bum, and that New Englanders are a phoney lot anyway." As for Miss Perkins's statement, he courteously expresses the opinion that "she is doing too good a job as Secretary of Labor for us to let a little thing like that make any difference. Our shoes are wearing a bit thin on the bottom, of course," he admits, "but we'll wager Miss Perkins a bottle of Virginia's most powerful near beer to a carload of Boston baked beans that they also are getting pretty thin in Beacon Hill."

EVEN so, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* prays heaven forbid that Miss Perkins should try to shoe everybody in the South. "Has Miss Perkins ever been in Georgia in July?" it asks. "Has she ever felt a hot spell in Virginia, North Carolina, Florida or Texas? Has she never as a child experienced the divine joy of digging her toes into honest dirt? Shoes in January—yes, we are with her there, many times over. But a regimented civilization that would put leather on Southern feet in the depths of mid-summer? Never! As well put calico pants on Polynesian ladies and be done with it, Miss Perkins."

The South ought to be amused rather than resentful, thinks the Lynchburg *News*, in Senator Glass's own home town, and it suggests that "welfare workers talking to welfare workers ought to be allowed some latitude, and a Secretary of Labor, even an efficient one, isn't expected to know everything, or to refrain at all times from making foolish remarks. Those who talk and write much must not be held too strictly accountable for a chance slip.'

For Miss Perkins's own peace of mind the Nashville *Banner* assures her that there are a number of highly successful shoe manufacturies in the South, producing many millions of shoes annually, and that Nashville has two such plants which sell shoes to New England.

And then the Jackson *Daily News* gives figures to show that Mississippi, with a population of 2,000,000, spent in 1929 $14,312,411 for shoes, "which was about $7 per capita for every man, woman, child, black and white, rich and poor, in the Commonwealth."

If that isn't enough, Miss Perkins is asked to read a Georgia author's description of an Emancipation Day celebration among colored folks in a typical Southern town:

"Merchants and grocers expected a large trade, and were not disappointed, in crackers, sardines, cheese, tobacco, fruit—and bedroom slippers. The reason for that last item is that almost all the colored people wore new shoes; and when the hot May sunshine poured down on paved sidewalks, the proud possessor of the patent-leather footgear was forced to ease her pedal extremities by removing the offending glories, substituting rose, blue, or green felt boudoir slippers, and walking unconcernedly down the street with the original offenders in her hands."

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"The Girl or the Car"

A Mobiloil Movie with

CLARK GABLE & UNA MERKEL

Clark Gable now co-starring with Jean Harlow in M.G.M.'s "Hold Your Man"

Una Merkel now featured in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Lady of the Night"

1 HE: "Five bucks for that lunch! What an expensive luxury you are!"

2 SHE: "And now let's get that lovely wrist watch I told you about."

3 SHE: "Look, isn't it beautiful! We've just time to make the matinee!"

4 HE: "Supper at the Ritz! Impossible! I've just enough money left to get gas and Mobiloil."

5 SHE: "Oh, look across the street! You could buy some of that cheap oil. Then you could get me a soda!"

6 HE: "Listen, little girl. This car's got to run for a couple of years more. Nothing but Mobiloil for me."

Today's speeds give oil double the beating it took 3 years ago. That's why you need Mobiloil. Ordinary oils break down. If you are using ordinary oil the chances are 10 to 1 you are paying more for oil per year than you would with Mobiloil at 30¢ a quart. In addition you risk expensive repairs and shortened car life.

Mobiloil

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

MERGER OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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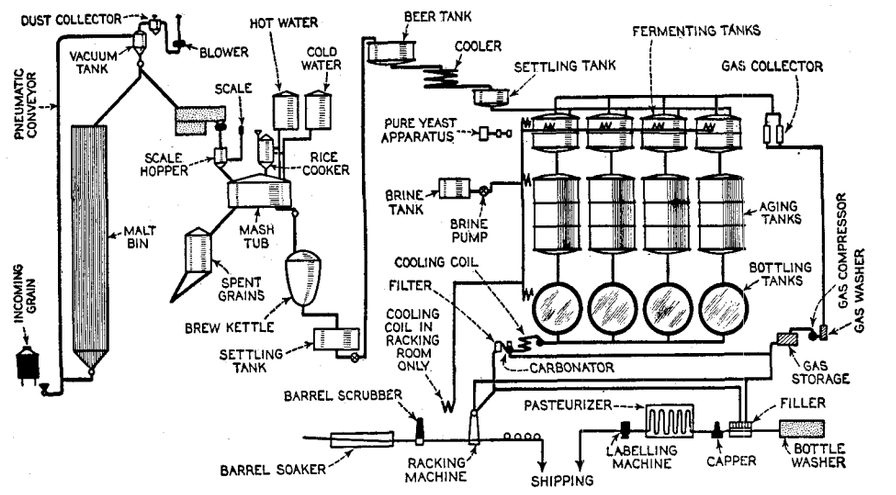
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

How Beer Is Brewed

SINCE BEER WAS LAST a legal drink, a new generation has grown up.

Presumably every one used to know how it was made. To-day the presumption is the other way.

The Scientific American (New York), for the instruction of youth, publishes what might be called a "primer of beer." It runs as follows:



Courtesy of the Pfaudler Company and *The Scientific American*

Flow Sheet Showing Path of Materials Through the Various Processes of Manufacturing Beer

"The basis of beer is malted barley and hops, altho other cereals, mainly rice, are used. The malt is either made by outside maltsters or is sprouted and kiln-dried in the breweries' own malthouse.

"The object of the malting process is to soften the walls of the grain so that the starch becomes accessible and can be resolved into malt sugar (maltose) and dextrin. In the process the barley is steeped in water and then allowed to sprout, the grain being turned from time to time. This usually consumes about eight days.

"The sprouted barley is then dried in kilns and is elevated from storage bins or loading platforms to the top of the brew-house where dirt and dust are removed. The malt, after grinding, is fed by gravity to a cylindrical 'grist hopper' in readiness to be weighed before going to the mash-tub beneath. Meantime rice has been ground and cooked and is also held in reserve.

"All of these operations have been carried on with a view to the chemical reactions which are to follow, assisted by mechanical means. The malt-grist and rice are run into the mash-tub, water is added and live steam is admitted, the mixture being constantly agitated by means of mechanically-driven paddles. When the brew-master decides that the conversion of starch to sugar has been carried out sufficiently, the solubles are filtered off and the solid residue is then drawn off to be made into cattle feed.

"The remaining liquid, known as 'wort,' drains off into huge brew kettles and cooks for four hours. The hops are added to the liquid, one and one-half to two hours before the end of the boiling. The action of the hops is to give a slightly bitter and stimulating taste to the beer, and also to promote the keeping quality of the product.

"The work of the hops ended, they are removed and brew is pumped into receiving tanks, cooled, and prepared for fermentation, which is accomplished in steel and glass enameled tanks. Yeast in the proper quantity is added at this point. Here the sugar is transformed into alcohol, carbon-dioxid gas being given off and saved for future carbonation of the beer.

"The fermentation process takes from twelve to fifteen days. Then the beer is aged in tanks, usually enameled lined, in cool vaults for two or three months. From bottling tanks the beer, still cool, is divided for kegging and bottling. The barrels are soaked, scrubbed, and filled; the bottles are washed, filled, capped, pasteurized, and labeled. Both kegged and bottled beer are carbonated."

A Number-Splitting Machine

IT FINDS THE FACTORS of numbers consisting of sixteen or more figures.

You could do without it if you could live three hundred years and work ten hours a day.

The machine does it in an hour or so.

In *Scripta Mathematica*, a quarterly published at Yeshiva College (New York), Derrick N. Lehmer tells us about it. He writes:

"On the 19th of October a little group of mathematicians gathered in the Burt Laboratories in Pasadena, California, around a mysterious machine to watch it attack a problem in mathematics. It had only to find two numbers which when multiplied together would give 5,283,065,753,709,209. Any person with a few hundred years of leisure time on his hands could work it out.

"'Here we step out into the unknown!' said the young inventor as he threw the switch and set whirling a complicated mass of gears. It was of no use for the human eye to try to make anything out of the rapidly rotating wheels. One might as well try to identify the teeth on a buzz-saw. Besides it was quite unnecessary, for a fixt, unwinking eye was turned on the machine waiting for a ray of light to slip through certain holes in the wheels, which should be the signal for it to stop the motion and to gather in the solution of the baffling problem.

"'Rapid calculation all right,' went on the inventor. 'It has to try out in a certain formula about ten million numbers. Each number would take a man at least six minutes to examine, which comes to sixty million minutes, or about a million hours. A man could not work at this sort of thing more than ten hours a day, so that gives a hundred thousand days. One could do it in three hundred years if he did not get stale.' 'How fast is the machine working on this list of ten million numbers?' some one asked. 'About a hundred thousand a minute,' replied the young man. 'It may take an hour and a half to clean up the problem. With a larger driving motor we could make it in twenty minutes. The electric eye would catch it if it were going five times as fast.'

"Suddenly, click! The power was shut off. 'It must have seen something.' The machine was turned slowly back till a tell-tale beam of light appeared through the little hole before which the electric eye had been watching. Then some reading of dials and a little grinding of a computing machine and two numbers were found such that the square of one of them plus seven times the square of the other were equal to the number under examination.

"'Once more to the window, fair Rebecca!' and the eye was once more fixt on the tiny hole through which the ray of light must come, and the wheels were again set in motion. This time twenty-five minutes passed before anything was reported by the faithful watcher at the window. But Rebecca was on the job. She had seen a light and had stopt the whirling wheels. Again the tell-tale ray of light was located and again the number 5,283,065,753,709,209 was given as a square plus seven times another square. The machine had done its duty. These two results were all that was necessary. A few minutes' computation still remained, and thus it was, while coffee was being served on one of the working-tables in the laboratory the big number was broken up into the factors 59,957 and 88,114,244,437."

And after all, says Mr. Lehmer, this victory had merely cleared the deck for action against another and much larger number which was under grave suspicion of being a prime; that is, not the product of any two smaller numbers. This number is the nineteen digit number 3,011,347,479,614,249,131. He goes on:

"A very powerful test invented some three hundred years ago by a French jurist, Fermat, had failed to show the character of this number; whether it was prime or composite. A more delicate test discovered some five years ago by the inventor of this

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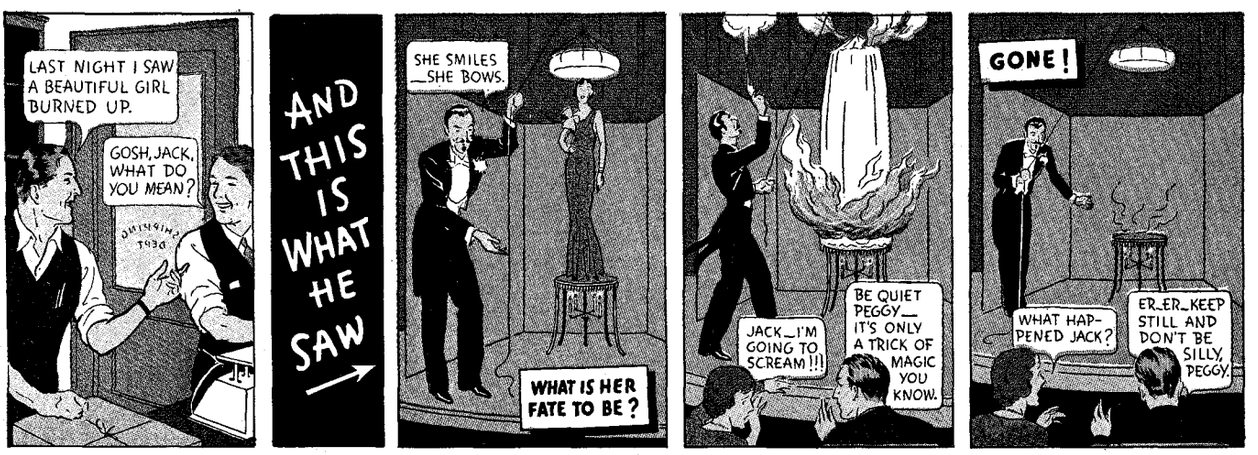
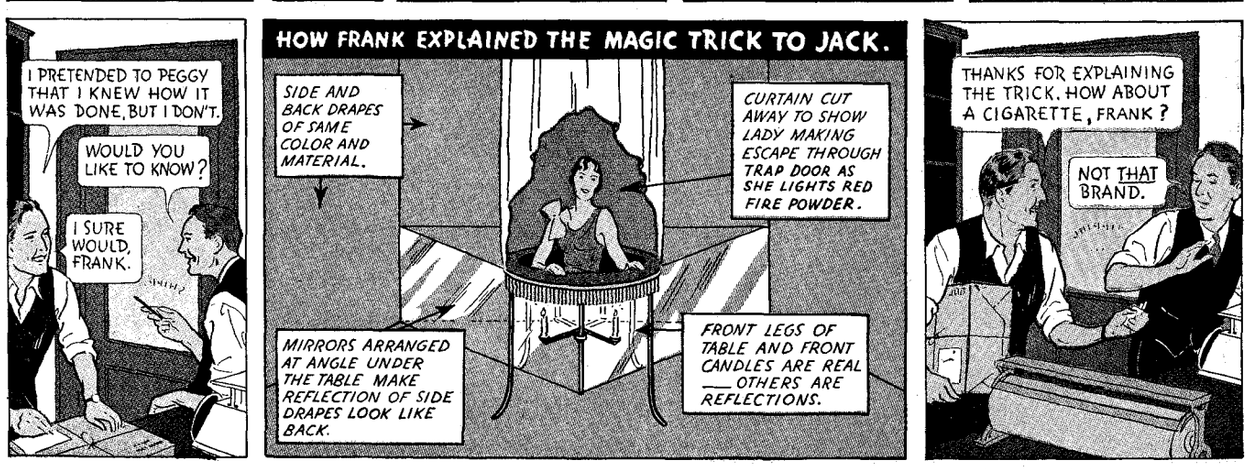
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

TODAY
Sensational Magic Mystery
The **BURNING LADY**


LAST NIGHT I SAW A BEAUTIFUL GIRL BURNED UP.
GOSH, JACK, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
AND THIS IS WHAT HE SAW
SHE SMILES — SHE BOWS.
WHAT IS HER FATE TO BE?
JACK — I'M GOING TO SCREAM!!!
BE QUIET PEGGY — IT'S ONLY A TRICK OF MAGIC YOU KNOW.
GONE!
WHAT HAPPENED JACK?
ER-ER-KEEP STILL AND DON'T BE SILLY, PEGGY.


I PRETENDED TO PEGGY THAT I KNEW HOW IT WAS DONE, BUT I DON'T.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?
I SURE WOULD, FRANK.
HOW FRANK EXPLAINED THE MAGIC TRICK TO JACK.
SIDE AND BACK DRAPES OF SAME COLOR AND MATERIAL.
CURTAIN CUT AWAY TO SHOW LADY MAKING ESCAPE THROUGH TRAP DOOR AS SHE LIGHTS RED FIRE POWDER.
MIRRORS ARRANGED AT ANGLE UNDER THE TABLE MAKE REFLECTION OF SIDE DRAPES LOOK LIKE BACK.
FRONT LEGS OF TABLE AND FRONT CANDLES ARE REAL — OTHERS ARE REFLECTIONS.
THANKS FOR EXPLAINING THE TRICK. HOW ABOUT A CIGARETTE, FRANK?
NOT THAT BRAND.

AREN'T MINE MILDER?
YOU'RE FOOLING YOURSELF THIS TIME. CAMELS ARE MILDER. TRY ONE AND SEE.
NO FOOLIN'—THIS CAMEL IS MILDER, AND I SURE LIKE ITS TASTE.
THAT'S BECAUSE THEY USE BETTER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS.
It's fun to be fooled
-IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW
Learn the added pleasure you get from Camels, the cigarette made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. It's the tobacco that counts.
CAMEL
A MATCHLESS BLEND

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NO TRICKS IN CAMELS—JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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machine must be applied to it; but this test demanded the knowledge of the factors of the sixteen-digit number which the machine had just been examining. Now that this job was finished the advance on the main citadel was easy, and in a few more minutes of work the big nineteen digit number was branded for all time as a prime; one of the vast undivided and indivisible sums of the first magnitude."

Removing Wrinkles With Serum

DEBILITY OF THE SKIN, working out in the form of wrinkles, would seem to be the result of a slowing up of the circulation of the blood.

Let us bear this in mind, insists Dr. L. Berger in *Science et Monde* (Paris), if we would comprehend the biological mode of approach to the problem of wrinkles in the human countenance.

Hitherto it has been possible to restore the face to its original smoothness only by massage.

Now the biologists have been seeking the source of the trouble in the interior of the blood serum. Says Dr. Berger:

"One of our most eminent biologists should be thanked for the process of applying face-healing serums, such as horse serums, cow serums, lamb serums, pig and veal serums, to the treatment of the epidermis.

"Dr. Jacques Risler, well known for his researches at the Sorbonne, at the Faculty of Medicine, and at the Pasteur Institute, recommends the employment of the serum of young horses.

"Let it be clearly understood that by serum is meant the part of the blood obtained by pouring it into a receptacle sheltered from the air and from micro-organisms.

"This blood is collected previously in a fresh state by puncturing the jugular vein of the horse with a surgical instrument.

"The portion of the plasm which has a beautiful yellowish golden color—slightly variable in horses and rendered more amber-like by feeding the horse with carrots—is treated in a special manner, based upon rapid centrifugal motion.

"Thus is obtained an exceptionally fluid serum, capable of traversing the skin or rather penetrating it by means of a simple pressure of the hand or fingers.

"In the treatment of the outer skin the upper portion—the surface—of the 'centrifugated' serum is employed for half a day.

"Care has previously been taken to add to this serum a certain quantity of a synthesized compound with an oxygenated quinin oil base (oxyquinolin) intended to prevent microbe invasions.

The Little Vials of Serum Ready for the Application

"This application of living matter to the skin is the time-honored procedure of our grandmothers in clapping a raw beef-steak on the face with another idea in mind.

"But Risler's serum, effectively penetrating to the interior of the skin, is absorbed by capillary attraction; for the capillaries expand or bloom forth like so many flowers, as it were, and the serum bathes the under layers of the cuticle.

"It is beyond doubt that organic horse serum has locally a beneficial effect on the skin, making it fresher, more supple, rosier.

"One detail in the action of this serum is due to its adhesive power.

"This capacity to glue the skin—or the 'skins'—together is most efficient in bringing about the mechanical elimination of the wrinkle.

"One may risk the assertion that this Risler serum is at present the only local application that is really absorbed by the tissue of the epidermis.

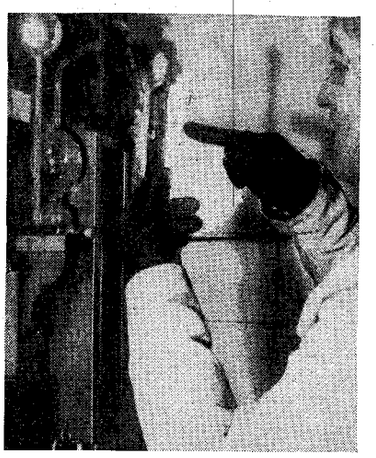
"A proper preparation of the skin is essential to assure this absorption.

"The skin is heated prior to the application by hot compresses, by infrared rays or with the aid of any process rendering the skin pervious to radiant heat.

"The local dilation thus produced makes possible a perfect absorption of the serum.

"After the absorption the face is swiftly cooled.

"This brings on a constriction which closes the skin back upon its nourishing food.



The Surface Layer

Or upper part of the serum is used for application to the skin.

"For the purpose of applying the serum, the furrow comprising the wrinkle is slightly drawn apart with the two fingers of the left hand.

"After breaking the two ends of the flask containing the serum, the receptacle is used as a sort of dropper.

"The serum should be left on (after being rubbed in) for a whole night.

"The action of the serum can be made more efficient if the face be covered with a mask of some plastic material."

Pin-Sticking Yields New Theory of Pain

LONG, sharp needles were thrust into various parts of the body, even deep enough to touch the bones or important arteries.

This procedure led Dr. David Waterston of St. Andrews University, Scotland, to revolutionary theories about the sensation of pain. He explains in a recent report to *The Lancet* (London) thus condensed by Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Doctors long have known that the keenest human sense of pain is located in the living layer of skin just underneath the hard and horny outer layer. Deeper structures such as the heart, the stomach, or the bones, ordinarily give no pain sensation when touched or cut.

"To test such matters directly, Dr. Waterston devised long, thin, and extremely sharp needles which can be thrust through the sensitive skin layer with as little pain as possible and then used to touch internal parts of the body such as the fibers of muscles, the walls of the arteries, or the membranes that cover the bones.

"One conclusion from many experiments of this kind is that nearly all pain, if not absolutely all of it, is felt by special nerves located in the walls of the arteries and of the tiny blood-vessels called capillaries.

"Even the special, pain-sensitive layer of the skin perhaps feels pain through such nerves in the walls of the tiny blood-filled capillaries, not through nerves of touch or any special pain nerves. Dr. Waterston's experiments also cast doubt on the usual biological theory that pain was developed very early in animal evolution, as a warning against danger.

"The new suggestion is that the kind of pain felt by human beings may be something very new in evolution, certainly lacking in all lower animals which do not have a manlike blood system, and probably developed only by man and other animals so highly organized that they are seriously damaged even by minor injuries."

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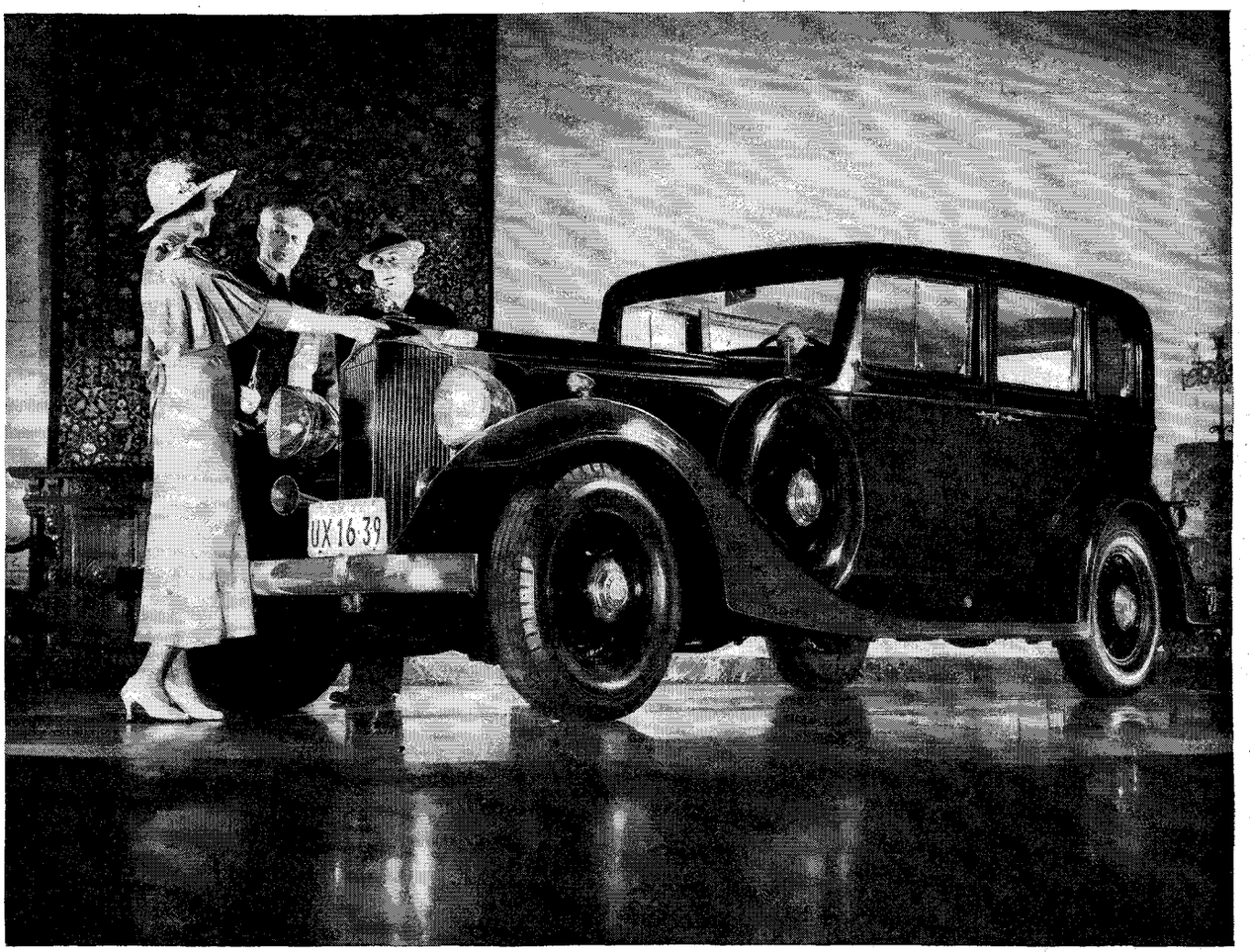

"What's this chip of wood doing on a Packard car?"

REMEMBER—back in your school days—what a chip on the shoulder meant? It was the challenge of a boy who was certain he was right.

One alert Packard dealer borrowed this boyhood symbol. In his showroom he placed a chip of wood on a Packard car to express what he sincerely believes—that the new Packards have obsoleted all previous standards in the fine car field.

While you may not see a chip of wood in *your* Packard showroom, the spirit of the challenge is there—the belief that this year's Packards are superior to other fine cars on any basis—performance, beauty, comfort, long life.

600,000 miles of testing during 1932 at the Packard Proving Grounds proved that these 1933 Packards are the toughest, longest-lived cars built in America today. A clutch, for instance, was as good as new after 125,000 contacts in traffic. After 50,000 miles of driving, a transmission failed to show appreciable wear. A new lubricating system has doubled the life of motor parts.

Your investment in a Packard is protected in another way, too—in permanence of beauty. For these cars have the traditional Packard lines that never go out of style. Drive one as many years as you wish—you will always be proud to be seen in it.

In these cars Packard has recognized that motorists differ in their requirements and preferences. And so the window ventilation, the pedal pressure of the power brakes and the resilience of the shock absorbers can all be adjusted to meet your desires.

But name any quality you seek in a motor car—you will find it in the new Packards. Comfort? The cushions were contoured by an orthopedic expert to let you ride with the greatest relaxation and enjoyment. Steering? It is so easy it is almost automatic. Quiet? Even up to a mile and a half a minute, you can scarcely hear the motor.

But don't just read about these cars. See them at your Packard dealer's—ride in them. And bring your old car with you—if it is of average value, it will cover the down payment on a new Packard. The balance can be spread over many months. And the operating economies which your new Packard effects will make the monthly payments still easier.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Packard Eight . from $2150 f.o.b. Detroit
The Packard Super-Eight from $2750 f.o.b. Detroit
The Packard Twelve from $3720 f.o.b. Detroit
. Prices subject to increase without notice .

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Taps for the Hindenburg of Athletics

WHO CAN WEAR THE MANTLE of the "Iron Duke"? The sports world looks around and shakes its head. Muldoon can have no successor. He lorded it alone. An era disappears with him and becomes a legend.

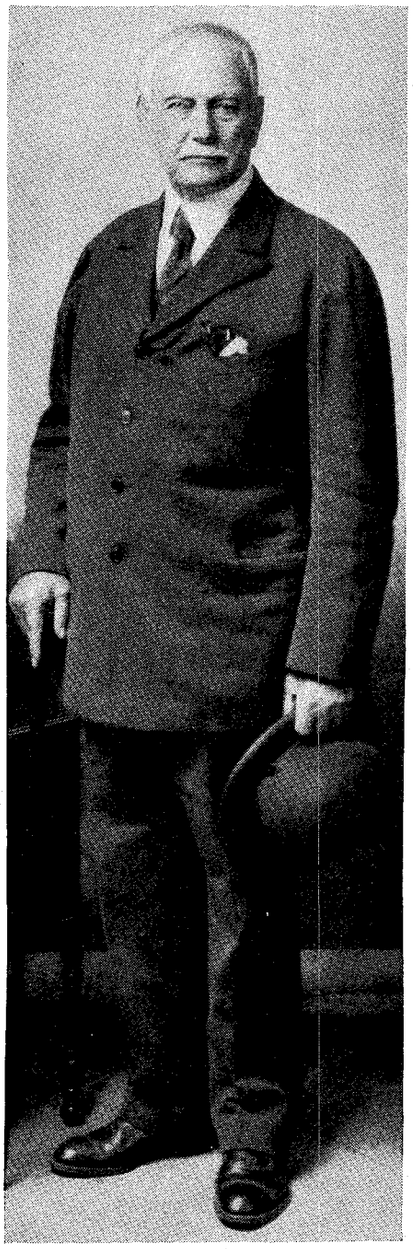
He cowed John L. Sullivan with a baseball bat and quelled him with a Cornish hug. Then he made him over into a champion. There were giants in those days.

At his famous health farm in the hills above White Plains, New York, Muldoon remade the bodies of some important and interesting men, besides many who were merely rich and wilted.

Theodore Roosevelt was one of his subjects, and the Colonel persuaded William Howard Taft, his future successor at the White House, to reduce his mighty waistline with a spell of Muldoon's hard régime of hiking, horseback-riding, and medicine-ball.

The medicine-ball was one of Muldoon's inventions, by the way. Another was the shower-bath.

A fortnight at Muldoon's was the most fashionable of masculine pick-me-ups in the first decade or two of this century, and a guest list at any time would have shown a slice of the tenderloin of American life. One might find oneself puffing over the hills with Chauncey Depew, Bishop Potter, Elihu Root, Stanford White, Harry Thaw, Berry Wall, John Drew, Freddie Gebhard, Charles Frohman, Wilton Lackaye, or one's favorite financier, judge, legislator, or general.



Wide World

"The Old Roman"

SOME of the guests didn't feel like getting out and being renovated at dawn. They didn't think the morning dew was healthy for them. But Muldoon had a will. And he had iron muscles. And he had a tongue like a whip. There was a man of great possessions who arrived with a valet, and the valet began carrying his bags into the house. Muldoon cocked his head as at the antics of strange insects.

"Who's that?" he inquired, indicating the bag-toting menial.

"That's my valet," explained the important man with a yawn.

"Is he taking the course, too?"

"Oh, no, not at all. He's just looking after me."

"Drop those things," barked Muldoon to the valet. "And you"—to the important man—"if you stay here, you'll carry your own bags."

The important man took one look at Muldoon. He saw the point immediately and carried his own bags.

Fellows waited on themselves at Muldoon's. There were no conveniences that spelled comfort. There were not even seats in the locker-room. It was good exercise to put on one's socks standing up.

Muldoon could have tamed tigers. There was something of the ease and suppleness of a tiger in the swing of his body. Even in his old age he wore his perfectly tailored clothes with the grace of a guardsman in a Ouida novel. And his snow-topped bullet of a head, his chiseled features, made this ex-policeman, ex-truck-driver, ex-bouncer, ex-soldier and farm boy one of the handsomest and noblest-looking men of his time.

His mother sensed the tiger in him when he was a lusty young fellow, aflame with his own strength, eager to dominate and impatient at any crossing of his will. She was alarmed at his temper, not guessing how useful it was going to be to him in his career as a man-tamer.

"I don't think you ever ought to marry, William," said Mrs. Muldoon. "You're altogether too set in your ways, and your temper is terrible. If you married you would only make some woman very unhappy—and yourself, too."

So the story goes. Whether he found it hard or easy to follow his mother's advice is not revealed. Certainly he was a man's man. Here are some odd facts about him:

On the day before Gen. Phil Sheridan's famous ride, Private William Muldoon rode over the same route with mail for his regiment.

He became the Adonis of the New York police, and the world's champion Greco-Roman wrestler.

He was thrown by Maurice Barrymore every night for months, while playing *Charles the Wrestler* in "As You Like It," and dandled the baby Ethel Barrymore in the wings.

He loved the fight game, and threw all his influence into making it decent.

He had the same birthday—May 25—as Gene Tunney, with whom he had a warm father-and-son friendship, and of whom he was proud as a clean and honorable graduate of the prize-ring.

Almost to the last he had "the face of an Irish king and the magnificent body which had been his pride, his fortune, and the envy of lesser men," says the New York *Herald Tribune* in an editorial from which we quote these further reminders:

Consider that he once yelled at a United States Senator, "Bend over and wash your feet!" and made him like it. To hear that he is dead is like getting the news of the passing of Thor.

In recent years Mr. Muldoon had been known to the public chiefly because of his membership on the State Athletic Commission. He and the other members at various times were criticized for their rulings, but the very nature of their tasks, the regulation of the once-fugitive sports of boxing and wrestling, made it impossible for them to please every one. Certainly "the solid Muldoon" always had a fine contempt for the vermin in human form who since time immemorial have been associated with the fringes of professional sport.

Muldoon was dictatorial, cantankerous, hot-tempered, stubborn. He was tolerant enough of cigars and liquor in moderation. Indeed, he used them himself; but he had an almost savage scorn for the man who overindulged, the man who became flabby and

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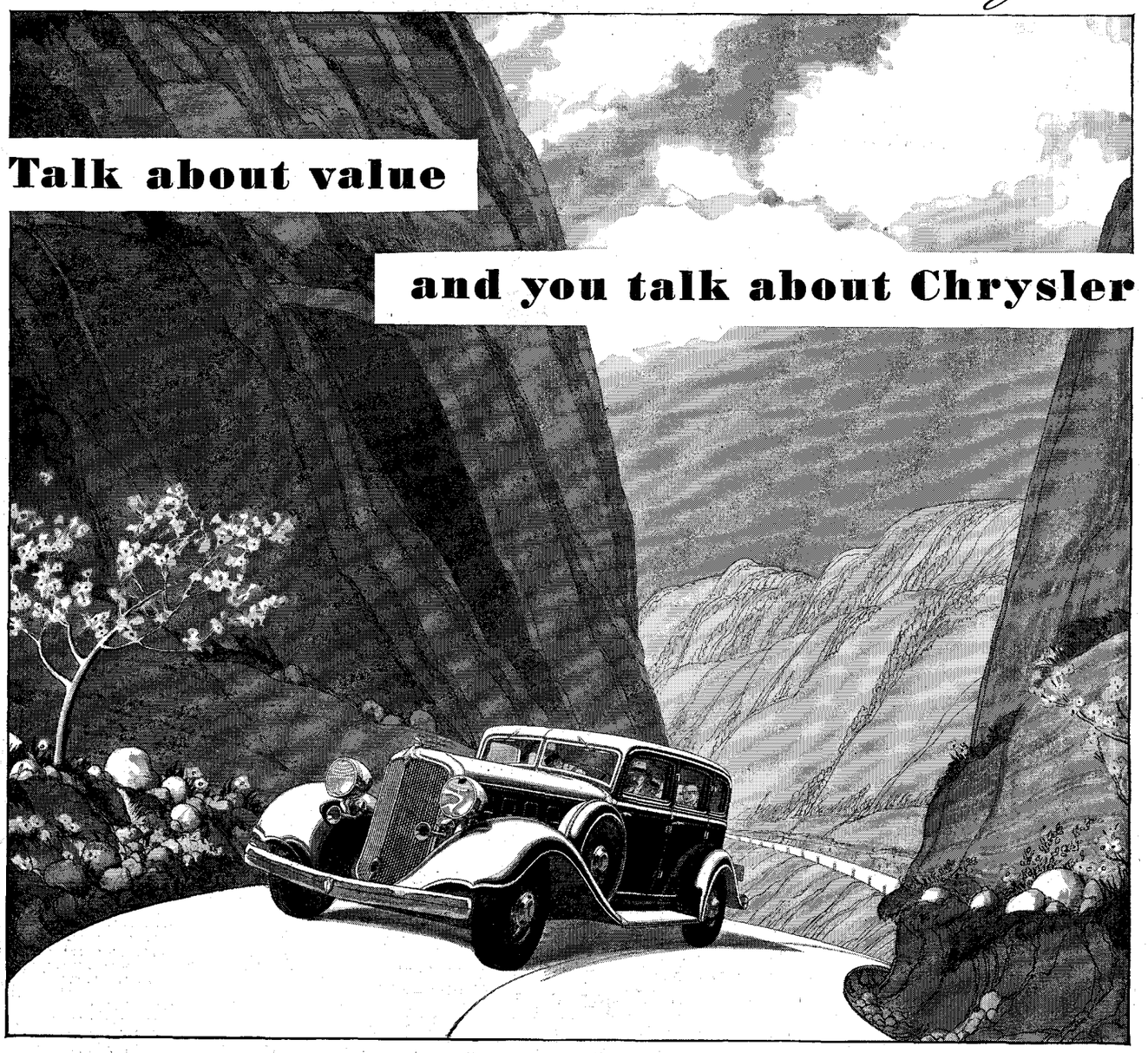
"THE FINEST CARS EVER TO BEAR MY NAME" — W. P. Chrysler



Chrysler Six Sedan $785 . . . the lowest price in history

TALK ABOUT VALUE and you talk about Chrysler . . . about the Chrysler Six at $785 . . . a big, handsome car of 83 horsepower and 117-inch wheelbase . . . a car with all the famed Chrysler engineering features that have set the pattern for the industry . . . a car that gives you the prestige and pleasure of Chrysler ownership at the lowest price at which a six cylinder Chrysler has ever been sold.

And there's the Chrysler Royal Eight at $925 for the sedan . . . actually hundreds of dollars lower in price, hundreds greater in value than any previous Chrysler Eight. A wheelbase of 120 inches makes it commandingly impressive, luxurious and comfortable. Its 90 horsepower engine on patented Floating Power mountings provides a flood of silky, tremorless power.

Then picture a Chrysler Imperial sedan at the astonishing price of $1295 . . . a car imperial in name, in size and distinction . . . a car replete with every luxury and fine appointment . . . a car that embodies every Chrysler engineering feature and such special luxuries as power booster brake for the famous Chrysler hydraulics, and ride control.

Unbelievable as these prices may seem, there is far more than price involved in Chrysler value. *It's the kind of cars Chrysler builds* that makes these lowest prices in Chrysler history so remarkable in value giving.

Try any car you like . . . then drive a Chrysler. You'll realize the difference before you've gone a mile. You will appreciate what Walter P. Chrysler means when he calls the 1933 Chryslers, "the finest cars ever to bear my name." And you'll know that such cars at such low prices offer the greatest motor car values the world has ever seen.

★ ★ ★

Chrysler Six; 83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $745 to $945. Royal Eight; 90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, six body types, $895 to $1125. Imperial Eight; 108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types, $1275 to $1495. Custom Imperial; 135 horsepower, 146-inch wheelbase, six body types, $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory. (Special equipment extra).

CHRYSLER

THE SYMBOL OF GREAT ENGINEERING

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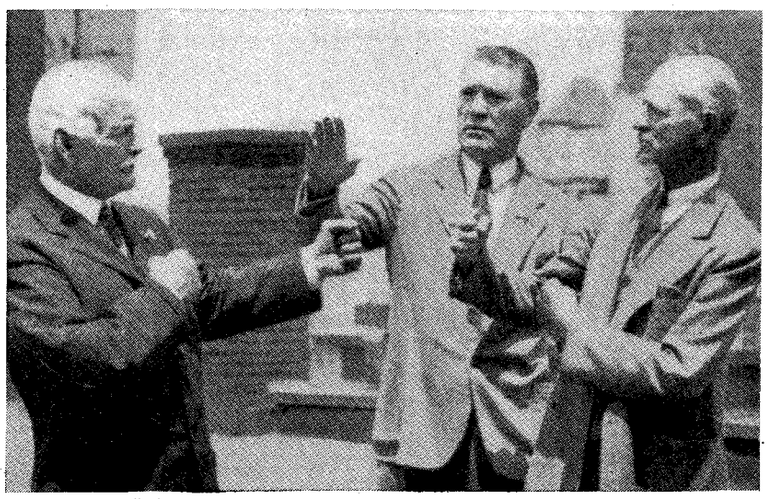
soft and the victim of bad habits. Good physical condition was almost a religion with him.

And yet to those who knew him he often revealed an almost sentimental side. He was proud that he had risen, from a sorrel-topped bruiser, who fought or wrestled for $3 a night in the liquor dens, to the estate of a country gentleman. It pleased him enormously when Governor Miller appointed him to the State Athletic Commission. He performed many small acts of charity about which the public knew little. He liked, on clear spring days, to go to the roof of his rambling old house at Purchase and look across the Sound toward the home of Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. He liked to recall his friendship with the great and strenuous Teddy, whom he admired enormously, just as he later developed a tremendous admiration for the courage of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.



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Was Daniel Frohman in Danger?

Well, "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien was there to make peace between the playful Muldoon and his managerial friend.

Few persons knew that one of his favorite characters, for all that his pattern of life was almost exactly the opposite of Muldoon's, was the wild and unfortunate fighter, Norman Selby—"Kid" McCoy. He actually loved the "Kid." He had the respect and affection of his neighbors, which he returned in kind. Solid and incorruptible, he will become a part of American folk-lore. He belongs there.

Among boxers, the warmest place in his heart was for the heavyweights, and Damon Runyon reminds us that "he knew them all from away back, and was actively associated with many of them." Writing in *The American*, Mr. Runyon continues:

He rarely attended a boxing show that did not feature the big fellows. He was a great judge of a fighter, and was rarely wrong in picking the winner.

He believed that in boxing youth must be served. It had been his experience that the old fighters burned themselves out in dissipation in one form or another, and he had the faculty of naming that moment when the old fighters were going to turn out to be what the boxing writers call "hollow shells."

He always believed that there should be a division above the heavyweight division to take care of oversized fighters like Primo Carnera.

Even his nicknames had a regal air. Mostly they represented the desire of quick-witted sports writers to convey in a couple of words the power and distinction of his personality. "Old Roman"—"Iron Duke"—they're really expressive of the man. As for the "Solid Man," that's a survival from an old Harrigan and Hart song. It was about another Muldoon, an imaginary one, but the expression became attached to William Muldoon in his wrestling days, and it clung to him in a sort of misfit fashion.

Sometimes the West Is Still Wild

THE TAMING OF THE WILD WEST turns out to have been slightly exaggerated. Adventure in overwhelming quantities is still to be encountered on the highways and bypaths of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, and Oklahoma.

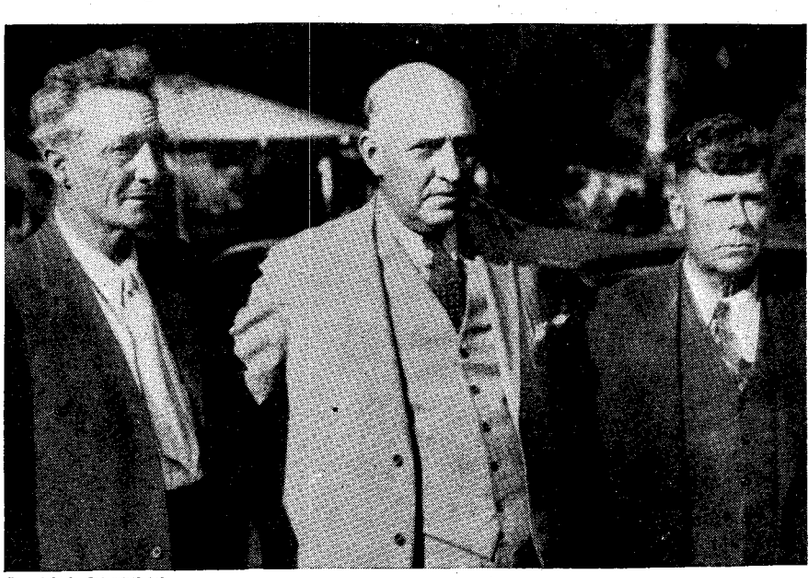
On Memorial Day, in the State Penitentiary at Lansing, Kansas, a Hollywood scenario writer's dream of a combined Wild West and prison thriller came to life. Eleven convicts, murderers and robbers, most of them serving life terms or the equivalent, produced smuggled guns, seemingly from nowhere, and made a successful break for freedom before the eyes of 1,800 other prisoners. They forced Warden Kirk Prather and Guards L. A. Laws and John Sherman to accompany them as hostages and shields against gunfire. Their subsequent depredations made important additions to the saga of the new West, additions as important as the exploits of the brothers Fleagle and "Pretty Boy" Floyd in the antisocial arts of robbery, kidnaping, and murder.

Wilbur Underhill, the leader of the Lansing convicts, has three murders to his discredit. He was in for life, as was Kenneth Conn, another convicted killer. Harvey Bailey, James Clark, Frank Sawyer, Alvin Payton, and Edward Davis were serving terms of from twenty to 100 years for murder and robbery. Robert Brady was serving a life sentence as a habitual criminal. Lewis Bechtel, Clifford Dopson, and Billy Woods had five- to twenty-year sentences for robbery and automobile theft.

The getaway was made during a baseball game in the prison yard. Warden Prather and Guards Laws and Sherman were covered with guns, which had its desired effect in causing other guards to withhold fire. The hostages were compelled to accompany their captors over the prison wall, the warden with a wire noose, held by Underhill, about his neck.

Outside the wall was a small automobile belonging to a prison official. The eleven convicts managed to squeeze themselves and their three prisoners into this and drove away. Then another car was commandeered.

Two more cars were taken (and two discarded) during the flight. The last was a sedan belonging to M. J. Wood of Kansas City, Kansas. Mr. Wood was forced out, but the bandits kept his



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"Taken for a Ride," the Warden Was Lucky

Here he is, happily returned between the two guards with whom he was kidnaped.

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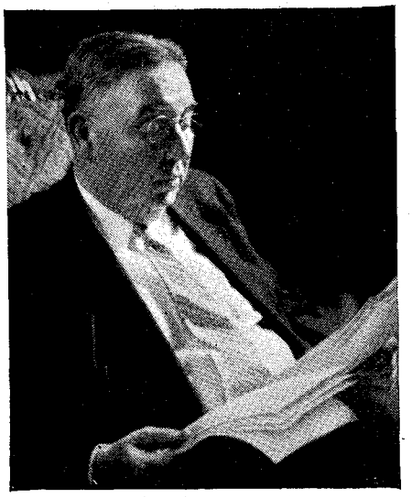

SPUD
Fan Mail

Are you one of the thousands of fans who have written us about Spud? If so, we want to take this opportunity of thanking you. It is pleasant and encouraging to receive letters like those printed below.

W. F. AXTON, *President*
The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc.

NOTE: *Spud fan letters are spontaneous. No solicited or paid testimonials.*

Dear Mr. Axton:

The first time . . .

"Well, it was a Spud she gave me and for the first time in my life I can say I enjoy smoking. I even bought a carton to take to the Adirondacks with me."

(Mrs. E.) Edna L. Baggatt, Brooklyn, N.Y.

The last five years . . .

"In looking through a magazine the other day, I came across an advertisement of yours about Spud cigarettes. Every word of that advertisement was true. I think there isn't another cigarette on the market that can compare with Spuds.

"I've smoked them for the last five years and the last smoke was as delightful and wonderful as the first."

George Moller, McKeesport, Pa.

"Smoked out" feeling gone . . .

"I had that 'smoked out' feeling with other brands . . . so I determined to have a try at Spuds.

"The cool, clean, refreshing taste remains . . . and the 'smoked out' feeling is all gone."

Clair E. Stilwell, Akron, Ohio

Heavy smoker . . .

"I have been smoking them (Spuds) constantly now for nearly a year and find they are everything you recommend them to be.

"I changed from another brand because I am a fairly heavy smoker and as I work nights, as a linotype operator, I found my mouth and throat harsh and dry and with a disagreeable taste in my mouth after a night's work.

"After smoking your cigarettes for a while, I found that that condition does not exist."

Louis Frader, Camden, New Jersey

Smoked for hours . . .

"Yes, Spuds are really cool, enjoyable cigarettes . . . that can be smoked for hours at a time without ever lessening that clean, delightful taste one learns to like when he knows he is smoking the best.

"More than ever the men of our organization (aviation) are switching to Spuds permanently, for genuine smoking enjoyment."

W. L. Flager, C. E. Horseman
Kansas City, Missouri.

Passes "good word" along . . .

"You didn't ask me for the 'good word'; nevertheless, I am only too glad to give it.

"My pleasant experience has converted another Spud smoker. And, gentlemen . . . when you convert them, they stay converted."

F. G. Flack, Glendale, L. I., N. Y.

Intend to smoke . . .

"For the last two weeks I have been smoking Spuds and find them to be an exceptionally fine cigarette.

"I have had a cold for two weeks . . . but Spuds, being a cool smoke, had a soothing effect . . . I intend to smoke Spuds right along."

Clarence H. Haskins, Montpelier, Vt.

Down-right enjoyment . . .

"I know it is quite unusual for a manufacturer to receive an unsolicited letter praising his product.

"However, I have derived such pleasure and down-right enjoyment while smoking SPUDS that I feel I should let you know. For real honest to goodness smoke satisfaction SPUDS are ideal. Several of my friends who have consistently, to use slang, 'grubbed' SPUDS from me are now smoking them regularly."

Bernard Rosenblatt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Appreciating more and more . . .

"I became interested and purchased a pack (of Spuds) for myself. Before I had them half smoked I began to like them. Not only did they have a pleasant taste, but better than that they certainly permitted me to smoke in comfort and enjoy it. And so I kept on purchasing them, and appreciating them more and more."

Arthur J. Mann, Hamden, Conn.

Outstanding clean taste . . .

"It has been my experience that the menthol taste is not noticeable after having smoked several packages of Spuds, although the effect of a cool smoke is still the same.

"The outstanding thing about Spuds, in my opinion, is the clean taste left in the mouth after smoking innumerable cigarettes, especially in the morning after a night's sleep. This, more than anything, has sold me on Spuds and it is only because of my appreciation for your having removed the unpleasant effects of cigarette smoking, that I write you this letter."

R. B. Lyman, Akron, Ohio

20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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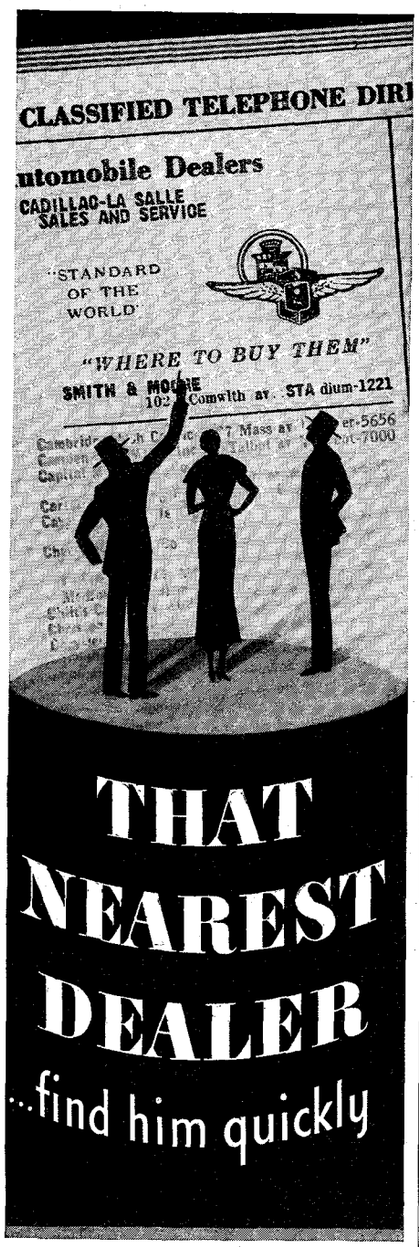

Authorized dealers are easy to find... the "Where to Buy It" way. Turn to your classified telephone book, and look for the name of the brand you want — Hertz Driv-Ur-Self, Mimeograph, Frigidaire, Lockheed, for example. Below the trade mark you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of local dealers.

And remember, there's a classified directory at every telephone booth. That's especially important to tourists.

BELL SYSTEM

wife, who is partially paralyzed, his daughter, Louise, and a guest, Cloris Wears, as additional hostages. At this point the two car-loads of escaping criminals separated.

The car commandeered by Underhill and Bailey, in which the warden and guards were held, sped for Underhill's old stamping ground, the badlands of the Ozark plateau, where the corners of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma join. This is the region of wooded hills, honeycombed with abandoned mines, in which Jesse James and the Daltons once held sway. During this flight, Ed Clum, a Kansas dairyman, was held up, robbed, and forced to guide the party for a short distance.

MEANWHILE Warden Prather sat with Underhill's revolver prest in his side. Another convict sat in his lap and pointed a gun through the broken rear window of the car. All of the captives—Prather, Laws, Sherman—expected death at any moment. During one stop, said Laws, according to the Kansas City *Star:*

I was taken by some of the gang to a creek bank and told to lie on my stomach beside a tree. I realized what that might mean. I thought of my wife and family, and wondered if my insurance was paid up.

Then I heard Bailey say to the men who had me in charge: "Come on, bring Laws out of there." Then I knew that my life was spared so far.

About 7:45 o'clock last night [the night of Memorial Day] the fugitives arrived at a lonely pasture in the hills south of Welch, Oklahoma. There they stopt, and the warden and guards were ordered out of the car.

Warden Prather asked Underhill for a cigaret and said: "Gee, I'm hungry. Guess I'll sit down and smoke."

The warden still feared the convicts might kill as the best way out. His idea was to divert them by offhand conversation. He repeated that he was so hungry he could eat a fence post. Bailey laughed at that.

"Underhill," said the warden, affably, "have you heard from your family lately?"

Underhill replied that he hadn't for quite a while. Then he walked over to the warden and pointed north.

"Walk that way," he said, "and you'll find something to eat, maybe by morning." It was a wild, rough, sparsely settled country, well known to the fugitives—a land of outlaws and gunmen. So Laws described it. The gathering darkness, the loneliness of the place, the fact that they were in the hands of desperate criminals, caused the prison officials to believe this might be the scene of their death.

They walked. They felt no bullets. The convicts' voices died away. The three officials knew that their lives were spared.

IN the meantime the car in which Mrs. Wood, her daughter, and Miss Wears were held captive by Bechtel, Conn, Payton, Wood, and Dopson was proceeding over country roads past Wolcott, Bonner Springs, Edwardsville, De Soto, across the Kaw River, and past Spring Hill and Fontana. The car went at a leisurely pace, never more than forty-five miles an hour. The convicts were polite, Miss Wood later told a reporter for the Associated Press—

"They told us their names and ages [she continued], and how lucky we were that we had not been kidnaped by the convicts in the other car.

"They are hard babies, and you girls might not have been treated so well by them," one of the men said.

"There were eight of us in the small sedan. One of the men asked me to sit on his lap. I told him, 'You can shoot me if you want to, but I'll not sit on your lap,' I sat on Cloris's lap instead.

"One of the men (Payton) asked Cloris to take off her white coat and hand it to him. He wore it to make it look as if there were four women and four men in the car."

AFTER nightfall on Memorial Day the party descended on the farmhouse of

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Carried Off, But Not Harmed

Miss Cloris Wears (left) and Louise Wood were treated politely enough by the fugitive convicts.

William New, near Pleasanton, where Mrs. New was forced to prepare a meal for the entire party. After that the convicts cut the telephone wires and left, leaving Mrs. and Miss Wood and Miss Wears.

The original band of eleven convicts rapidly spread out in smaller and smaller groups in their flight through the four States. As they did so an ever increasing list of depredations was credited to them. These included:

The murder of Night Policeman O. L. Durkee at Chetopa, Kansas.

THE robbing and kidnaping of Jeff Weatherby, who later identified Underhill from a photograph, at Miami, Oklahoma. (The purpose of this kidnaping and all those that follow was to obtain guidance from point to point, and the victims were released when they had served this purpose.)

The robbery of the Bank of Chelsea, Oklahoma, of $2,500 by six men—including Underhill, according to picture identification.

The kidnaping of B. K. Blair and Miss Alice Braithwaite near Joplin, Missouri, by two men claiming to be Clark and Dopson.

The kidnaping of Austin Adams and

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Miss Beatrice Garner at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, by two men, one of whom was identified as Conn. Mr. Adams and Miss Garner were forced to drive their captors on a wild, twelve-hour, seemingly purposeless chase over most of southern Arkansas.

On June 2 came the authorities' first break. On that date Deputy Sheriff Glenn and posse descended on a farmhouse near Dripping Springs, Oklahoma, and captured Bechtel while he was eating a meal.

And two days later the law scored once again, capturing Sawyer (who wound up this holiday with a dozen kidnapings) in a scene as dramatic as the original prison break, we may judge from this Associated Press Dispatch from Chickasha, Oklahoma:

Sheriff's officers said Sawyer started a wild ride through central Oklahoma about 7:30 A. M., when he kidnaped two boys north of Norman.

A few minutes later he released them, kidnaped Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gray of Lawton, Oklahoma, and took their car, forcing them to accompany him.

He drove toward Middleburg, fourteen miles east of here, where he abandoned the car with a flat tire and took another from passing motorists, forcing the couple riding in it to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Gray.

When a steering rod on the machine went bad the convict drove to the farmhome of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Strongfield, took their car and forced them to go with him and the four others.

The desperado continued north to the home of Olin Morris. There he released Gray and his wife, and forced Morris and his son to go with him and the others.

After driving the Morris car to a farm seven miles north of Gracemont, he stept out and told his victims to drive on. Then he walked up to the house where Bob Goodfellow, Caddo County Clerk, was visiting a girl, and compelled Goodfellow and the girl to drive him north and west in Goodfellow's car.

The machine went into a ditch east of Binger, when Goodfellow grabbed at the bandit's pistol.

Sheriff Crisp and Deputy Marlow drove up and asked Goodfellow if he wanted to be pulled out.

As the officers stept out of their car, Sawyer opened fire, pulling Goodfellow in front of him for a shield. A shot struck Goodfellow in the groin and he fell.

The two officers leapt on the convict. The girl pulled his hair. Marlow obtained Sawyer's pistol and struck him. The convict was brought here and placed in jail, where officers said he admitted his identity,

---

Hitler's Nightmare

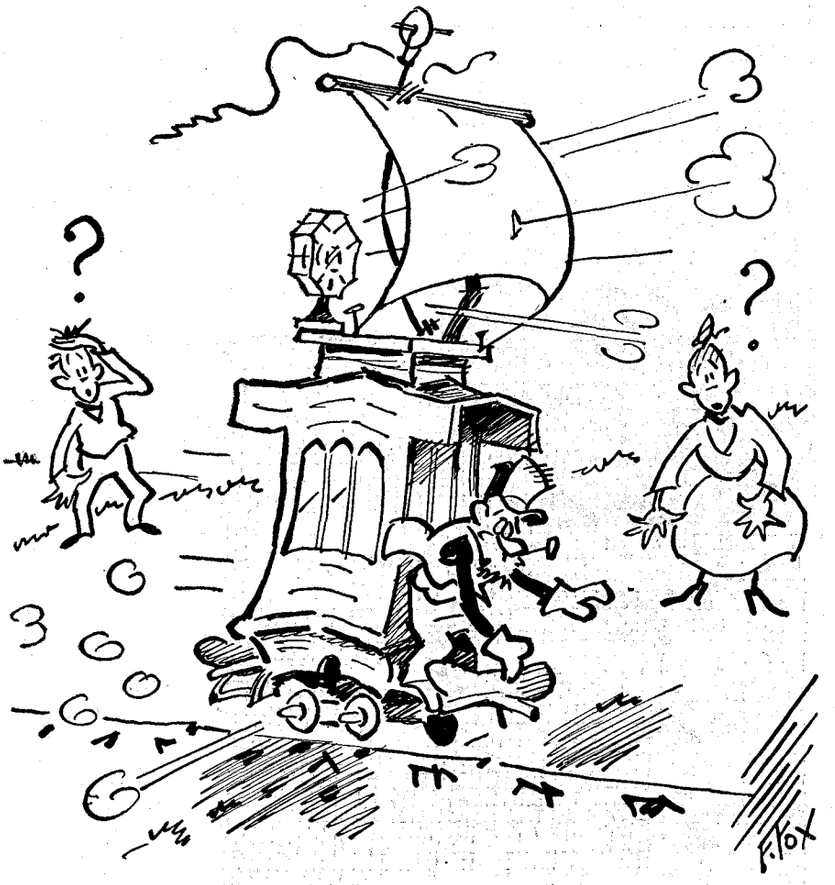
Unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells has never shown any sympathy with Fascism or with its Hitler and Mosley offshoots.

The other day he was lunching with a distinguished German, who was trying to convince him that the Nazi movement was lamblike in its pacifism.

"Herr Hitler," said the German, "is far more of a dreamer than a man of action."

"Hmph," said Mr. Wells. "That may be so. All I can say is that he makes a deuce of a noise when he's sleeping."—*London (England) Standard.*

IT'S A GOOD THING THE SKIPPER HAD A WESTINGHOUSE FAN ALONG THE DAY OF THE BIG BREAKDOWN!



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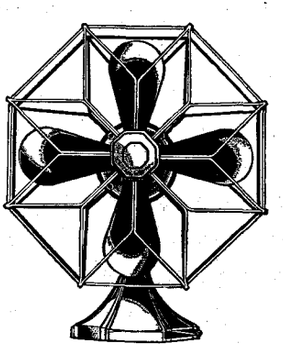

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"The symptoms of a faulty pipe are black clouds of foul-smelling smoke spreading through the new home like tidal waves.

"No need of it, girls. Get your husband started on Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe, and you'll never have anything but happiness. Neither will he. For this tobacco is a mild, satisfying mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys that delights both sexes. I bring it to you *fresh*, wrapped in gold foil. Here's a book I've written about keeping a pipe. I might have called it, 'How to Keep a Husband.' It's valuable, and it's free to brides (and everyone else)."

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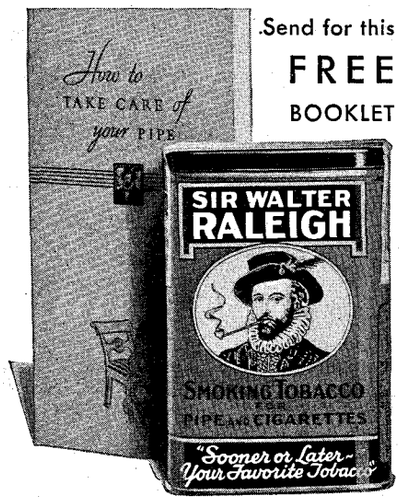
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Jewels of American Gods for Chicago

FROM the royal tombs of lost American civilizations comes a wealth of antique treasures to be exhibited at the Century of Progress Exposition.

The famous Monte Alban jewels, described as "the richest archeological find ever made in America," are expected to arrive in Chicago on June 20. Of incalculable value, they will be carefully guarded by the Mexican Government, whose property they are. Visitors to the World's Fair will view them in one of the cars of the Mexican Presidential train, parked south of the Travel and Transport Building.

They come from the excavations of Monte Alban, near the modern Mexican city of Oaxaca. There, three years ago, under the direction of Dr. Alfonso Caso, head of the Department of Archeology of the National Museum of Mexico, "an adventurous band of scientists plunged into formless ruins of tombs built by the Mixtecs and Zapotecs," we learn from a widely quoted Century of Progress press release. It was discovered that an entire mountain had been transformed centuries ago into "a labyrinth of terraces, walls, pyramids and mounds with a main plaza 1,000 feet long by 650 feet wide." After a series of minor excavations and work of clearing away shrubbery and rubbish, the Mexican expedition uncovered material that "has brought much information concerning this ancient project, never before disclosed by previous explorations." For instance:

Dr. Caso and his associates found what they believe to be the widest stairway on the American continent, leading into tombs and a temple in which, it was believed, lived a god who performed miraculous cures. The scientist suggests that Monte Alban may at one time have been a sort of Lourdes.

In addition to a collection of more than 500 pieces of jewelry which will be seen at A Century of Progress, the explorers found a number of sculptures and paintings in the tombs and mounds.

One of the strangest finds at Monte Alban was a series of relief sculptures of human beings, all of whom had bodily deformity. Some had heads too flat, others extraordinarily elongated. In some, the extremities, usually the feet, are twisted, and others are bent.

THE jewels themselves were found in what was designated as "Tomb 7." The first tomb explored had already been stript, while in others were found human skeletons, pottery and articles of jade and obsidian, we are told.

One of the experiences related by Dr. Caso was connected with the belief of the Oaxacan Indians, that any one who explores an ancient burial-place is punished by the spirits of the dead, and may become bewitched. It was reported that one night, when Dr. Caso was in the central plaza of Monte Alban, a well of crystal water opened up at the foot of one of the monuments, and in the middle of it floated a red vessel, made from a gourd shell, inside of which was a gilded fish.

Instead of being frightened by this marvel, according to the natives, Dr. Caso caught the jug and the fish within it, whereupon the fish informed him of the location of the treasure in Tomb 7. "Therefore it was not strange that one to whom the fishes of Monte Alban had spoken should be in no danger of having a spell cast upon him when uncovering tombs."

We read further:

After going through several avenues leading down to the tomb, the explorers came to a vestibule, in the center of which was a huge pile of bones and glittering objects of gold beads, bells and jewelry. Strung on the arm-bones of one of the skeletons were ten bracelets of gold and silver. There was also a skull decorated with a mosaic of turquoise. On the floor of the tomb were found a mass of pearls, golden beads and flat pieces of turquoise that had at one time composed a rich mosaic.

More than 500 articles were unearthed, including necklaces of gold, pearl and turquoise, a rock crystal urn and earpieces formed of the same material.

Tiny obsidian knives form part of the treasure which will be exhibited at the World's Fair this summer and fall. These knives were used by priests of the ancient Mexican race for the sacrificial rite of drawing blood from the body which was afterward offered to the gods. Nine bodies were found in the tomb.

Carved jade objects coming from Monte Alban include the handle of a fan shaped like a serpent, three rings, an exquisite bird's head with eyes of gold, an eagle's head, on the beak of which was a golden plate that served as a lip ornament, and earrings and bead necklaces, one of which is almost white jade.

One of the rarest of the golden objects is a great breast-piece in the form of a "jaguar knight," representing a human head wearing a jaguar head helmet with imitation feathers of golden thread. Another beautiful object is a small mask, three inches in height, representing the head of the God Xipe-Totee, "Our Lord the Flayed."

The expedition marks the first time jet or amber has been found in Mexico. There were many beads, plaques of jet and the amber group included earrings and a necklace of spherical beads with a small duck's head in the center.

FROM a scientific view-point, "the most important of all the treasures found were the carved bones which cast light on the writings and history of the Mixtecs," of which we are told:

The bones are cut in high relief, the work being so exquisite that it surpasses the finest ivory carvings of India and China.

The Monte Alban discoveries have given the world works of art comparable in many respects to the finest productions of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Chinese. They have shown that there existed in Mexico prior to the arrival of the Spanish conquerors great culture and technical achievements hitherto unsuspected.

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Birth of the Toasted Sandwich

AN international question may arise over the findings of a Pennsylvania school research body, which traces the toasted sandwich back to the "little red schoolhouse."

On the other hand, the English claim the toasted sandwich as a club delicacy and tea snack dating back to the eighties, if not beyond.

Apparently unaware of the British claim, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* observes editorially:

It is an unhappy office-seeker in States having agricultural background sufficient to influence the ballot who can not trace his foundation back to some "little red schoolhouse," even tho the one-room school may have been entirely innocent of color save the color nature gives unpainted boards. For things must be traced back to a little red schoolhouse if they would have any standing at all.

So the comparatively modern toasted sandwich, in all of its sophistication and its high-hat attitude to the ordinary slice of meat and its surrounding of bread, has been traced to its origin. And, of course, the little red schoolhouse had something to do with its genesis.

An unofficial fact-finding commission, made up of staff members of the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction, followed the trace into the past. Back to days when schools large or small were not blest with central and supervised heating and ventilating plants; to the days when schools, at least little red schools, were heated by stoves, one to the institution, and near-by pupils were scorched and more distant ones more or less frozen.

As the Instruction Department Committee views the matter, the first toasted sandwich was given to civilization by an inspired youth in an up-State school who did not want to eat his sausage links and his doughnuts frozen, so distributed these items of his noon-day lunch on the top of the schoolroom stove and forgot them until they had been toasted. The result was found to be good, just as the first primitive man found by accident that burned meat was better than raw meat.

The original toaster of sandwiches, however, watched his sandwiches after that first experiment and browned the bread to a turn. Other pupils noted his satisfaction and did likewise. The toasted sandwich was a fact. And in time came to the attention of commercial purveyors of prepared food. We have something for which to thank that Pennsylvania lad. And we score another good mark for the little red school and its one-stove heating plant—probably a wood-burner.

APROPOS of which a British-born resident of New York relates that toasted sandwiches—or "toasts," as they were called—were popular in London, long before Americans became a sandwich-consuming people. At tea-time, he writes, one might order an "anchovy toast," a "bacon toast" or a "caviar toast." And he adds that the two pieces of toast would be toasted only on their outer sides, the inner sides being soft, warm and buttered. This detail, he declares, makes the club "toast" incomparably toothsome, even if not derived from America's little red schoolhouse.

Rule Number Six

HOW did the mysterious saying about "Rule Number Six" originate? Its starting-point in American usage is discust by Josephus Daniels's paper, the Raleigh *News and Observer*. Mr. Daniels having become American Ambassador in Mexico, it is interesting to find that one of his predecessors in that office is credited with having introduced the "Rule Number Six" legend into American diplomatic symbolism. But where did Mr. Morrow pick it up? Thus the story runs:

One day while crossing the ocean, Mr. Morrow was invited by the captain of the ship to join him on the bridge. Presently a young officer, standing erect and looking very important, approached the captain, and in a low tone said something which Mr. Morrow did not hear. Speaking sharply to the young officer, the captain said: "That will do, sir. You have violated Rule Number Six."

Crestfallen, the young officer took his departure.

The incident aroused Mr. Morrow's curiosity—at least, that is the way the story was accepted in Washington and Raleigh—and he said to the captain:

"I beg your pardon for my curiosity, but if there is no objection on your part, I wish you would tell me what Rule Number Six is."

The captain replied: "Rule Number Six is: 'Don't take yourself so damn seriously.'"

A short time ago, a few days after the arrival of Josephus Daniels to enter upon his duties as Ambassador, Dr. Puig, Minister of Foreign Relations, said Rule Number Six was in effect in Mexico, and gave his interpretation of the origin of that excellent rule. Ambassador Daniels told how he had heard it.

LATER, we are told, Arthur Bliss Lane, counselor at the Embassy, related how the United States and Mexico had learned of Rule Number Six. Mr. Lane said:

As I recall it, Mr. Morrow's account of the origin of Rule Number Six, as he personally told it to me on several occasions, was as follows:

During the war, when Mr. Morrow was serving as adviser to the Allied Maritime Transport Council—which was composed of a British general, a French admiral, and, I believe, Japanese and Italian representatives—some technical point arose one day regarding tonnage. The British general, who was chairman of the commission, sent for a subordinate officer who was handling this technical question in person.

In reply to the general's request as to what the facts were on this given question, the young officer did not confine himself to a specific answer, but elaborated on what his ideas were as to how the war must be won. He went on to say that unless his proposals for the winning of the war were adopted, the Allies would certainly lose.

After listening to this uninvited discourse for some minutes, the general brought the young officer to order with the sharp command:

"Captain, you will please bear in mind Rule Number Six of this council."

The young captain, somewhat taken aback at his superior officer's sternness, inquired:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is Rule Number Six?"

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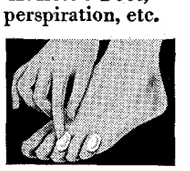
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and quickly remove corns. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads end the cause—keep you rid of corns; heal sore toes overnight; prevent blisters.



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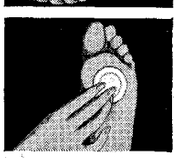

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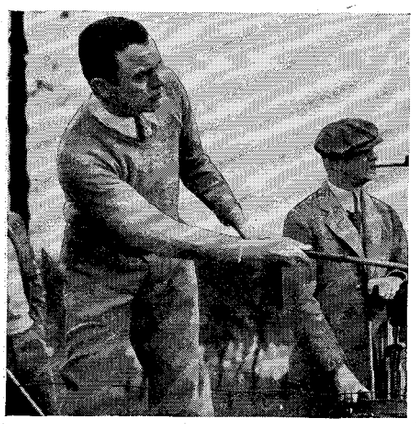

THEY ALL WELCOMED JIM IN A FOURSOME

BUT NOBODY LIKED TO FOLLOW HIM IN THE SHOWER

HE was one of those men everybody liked. But he was thoughtless.

Wherever he walked barefoot he spread a stealthy infection, and those who followed in his footsteps were likely to develop that unpleasant and often serious skin disease known as "Athlete's Foot."

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But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bathroom, this hardy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill this germ. *Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution.*

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The general's terse reply was: "Don't take yourself too damned seriously."

When the meeting broke up, Mr. Morrow found himself walking out of the council room side by side with the general. He remarked to the general that the rule he had cited to the young captain was one of the most excellent rules he had ever heard. Mr. Morrow observed that if Rule Number Six was so good, he should be glad to know what the rules from 1 to 5 were. The general replied:

"There are no other rules."

Heredity or Education?

A VERY old problem.

It has been debated ever since the days of ancient Greece.

Modern biologists are trying to solve it by experiment.

So far, heredity seems to be ahead.

In other words, if you are smart, it is because you were born so, of smart ancestors, rather than because of your education.

A recent experiment, concerning eight generations of rats, was conducted by two American biologists, Professors Tolman and Tryon.

It is thus described in *The American Weekly* (New York):

Are intelligent parents more likely to have intelligent children than "dumb" parents? Or is it the way children are "brought up" that makes them either bright or stupid?

Back in the days of ancient Greece there was a plan to persuade some king to separate a hundred or so children from their parents at birth, bring up these children in different but carefully planned ways, and see whether inheritance from the parents or the surrounding environment would prove to be the more potent factor in determining character.

The experiment never was carried out. Scientists still hope, however, that something like it can be done to settle the question.

Years ago, the English expert, Sir Francis Galton, believed that he had settled the problem by collecting the family histories of a large number of men of genius, which he thought proved beyond question that high intelligence continues to run in these families for generations.

More than ten years ago Professor Tolman began the experiment. Professor Tryon has continued and extended it. First of all, a mixed stock of laboratory rats was obtained, including individual animals of many different histories and ancestries.

Professor Tryon succeeded, during only eight rat generations, in breeding two distinct and different rat communities, one of them of superintelligence, the other so stupid that any one would call them morons.

The first rats were divided, by a simple kind of rat "intelligence test," into two groups; the relatively stupid rats and the relatively brainy ones. The next generation was then bred from matings made inside these groups. The offspring were then separated into brainy and dull individuals. Some of both were kept and again bred—brains to brains and dulness to dulness.

It is conceivable, of course, that some rats might have considerable ability but might still be morons in other directions.

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Professor Tryon finds that his intelligent rats make much better than average scores in entirely different kinds of tasks.

Neither Professor Tryon nor any one else is sure, as yet, whether this difference will persist in the two strains, or will increase, or perhaps will disappear. Nor is it yet known what will happen if some of the genius rats are mated with ordinary members of the rat species or with moron rats.

Meanwhile, statesmen, sociologists, or just ordinary people, who happen to be interested in knowing how to produce more intelligent human beings or how to prevent the births of so many who are incompetent or moronic, may take the rat experiments as at least a suggestion that controlled heredity might have similar results in mankind, and that the way to breed intelligent children is to provide intelligent parents.

How Not to Be Run Over

CRITICS of man's traffic conduct are convinced that the human eye is not being used to the best advantage from the standpoint of safety.

Their point is that the sense of sight could make a larger contribution to safe walking and driving if the knowledge it transmitted to the brain were used more wisely.

Pedestrians, it seems, are the greatest offenders in this respect, but motorists by no means escape criticism. Says William Ullman in his Feature Service (Washington):

An analysis of the pedestrian's failure indicates one outstanding flaw in thinking. It is his tendency to estimate the danger presented by an approaching automobile in terms of distance. This habit of mind, a heritage of the days when traffic moved at a slower speed, was all right at one time. Traffic moves at a greater speed these days, however, and it calls for a readjustment of the thinking process.

Instead of the distance yardstick in measuring the potential danger of an approaching automobile, it is suggested that the pedestrian start thinking in terms of time; in terms of seconds instead of feet. He can not entirely divorce the two, to be sure, for the time will be determined to some extent by the distance the car must travel before it reaches him. Yet to make distance the only consideration is to overlook the tremendously important fact that cars move at speeds which vary from one to seventy-five miles an hour.

Just how important it is for the pedestrian to think in terms of car speeds can be shown with a few simple figures. The average fast walker covers about four feet per second. If the car 200 feet away, and whose path he must cross, is moving at twenty miles an hour, the pedestrian can cover a distance of twenty-six feet before the vehicle comes abreast of the line upon which he is walking.

Suppose, however, the car is traveling at a rate of thirty miles an hour? In that case the pedestrian will be able to progress only seventeen feet before the car reaches his line of passage.

The distance away of each car is precisely the same, but in point of time, the car moving at thirty miles an hour is one-third again as close as the one proceeding at a twenty-mile rate. In seconds, the first-mentioned vehicle is four and one-third away, as compared with the six and one-half of the slower machine. The figures indicate quite emphatically the importance of estimating a car's speed as well as calculating the distance it must traverse. To quote again:

Admittedly, this suggested task set for the pedestrian is not a simple one! It is no easy matter to determine the speed of an approaching automobile from a position almost in front of it, for the vehicle can not be seen in its relationship to fixt objects which it passes in its forward flight. Yet by striving to make such calculations, it is believed that any person can acquire reasonable accuracy in doing so.

If pedestrians were to think in terms of time as well as distance in fixing their relationship to potential hazards, their thought processes would bear a closer kinship to those of vehicle operators. While he is by no means perfect at calculating its effect, the motorist always is instinctively aware of the factor of speed in the distance between himself and the object ahead, for which he must stop or alter his course.

However, when he steps out of his car, his mental processes become typically those of the pedestrian. What evidence is available on the subject indicates that he makes no use whatever of his experience behind the wheel of his car, at least with respect to considering the speed of approaching vehicles.

There is no implication that the responsibility is entirely the pedestrian's in the suggestion that he use his eyes to better advantage in moving safely through traffic. The motorist still has the same obligations he always has had. However, the proposal would find the two thinking more alike, and that holds promise of helping an unhappy situation.

The Cover

THIS charming little girl and her rabbit are contented "pals," and the rabbit has an eye out for inroads.

The artist, Edwin F. Murdock, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1874, and did some illustrating at sixteen, from then on working continuously at art, until his father persuaded him to study law. His law practise took precedence over art, but painting was always in the background. As attorney in Patent Law he represented the Union Iron Works of San Francisco and the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Sojourning in Europe for several years, he studied art in England and France, later in New York.

Made an honorary life member of the Kit Kat Club, he acts as its legal adviser.

He is president of L'Ecole Art Company, which produces the all-metal easel and other art novelties.

Crowded Out.—A Western pessimist says that even if we get hard liquor back there'll still be missing some privileges that were enjoyed in the good old days. For instance, if a drunk desired to occupy a gutter, he'd have mighty small chance unless he crawled under a parked car.—*Boston Transcript.*

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CURRENT POETRY

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THE injunction, heading these lines and carried out to the letter, may nullify the humor. What do you think? *The Saturday Review* (London) prints it:

RHYMING TO ORDER

[The next important point is that all verse, especially humorous, must be rhymed as *often* as possible. The best rule is "Leave no line unrhymed." It is waste of time to write blank verse. —*World's Press News.*]

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

I should be the last to deny to the *World's Press News*
Its undoubted right to its own (if somewhat peculiar) views
As to the form of verse a humorous poet should use,
But when it lays down rules, that is quite another pair of shoes.
The above is evidently an individual opinion—I don't know whose—
For to the identity of the writer I have no clues,
Altho I have no doubt, whoever he is, he pooh-poohs
The rhymed couplets which you are here accustomed to peruse
As being too, too easy. Let me tell him however that should I choose
I could bore him stiff with *one* rhyme only till I fancy (or may I say I "jalouse?")
It would send him to sleep (or at least cause him to snooze).
I could for instance without resorting to any trick or ruse
Fiercely accuse
Hitler of ill-treating the Jews,
Then after chatting about the University Crews
(Whom I would naturally refer to as "the Rival Blues"),
I would pass on to a discussion of Irish and other succulent stews,
And after contrasting our own police force with that of the Ogpu's
I would compare the existence of wild animals in the London and provincial Zoos,
And having given my own reason for the Church's Empty Pews
I would sing the praise of Lilac-time in various gardens (especially Kew's).
But I am not going to do any of these things, for I absolutely refuse
To abuse
The good nature of an overworked and long suffering Muse
Whose services I should be extremely sorry to lose.

A LITTLE belated for complete correspondence with the state of mind of the U. S. A., but something we can look back on and smile. In *The Husk* (Cornell College):

WOMAN IN A HURRY

BY JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

She goes by our house
Always in a hurry,
Her head bent forward
And her arms in a flurry.
Her legs swing along
Scurry, scurry.
There's nobody down town for her to see,
And nobody at home waiting for tea;
She doesn't know where she's going,
And she doesn't know why,
But she rushes along with down-cast eye,
One day I called to her, "Spring is coming,
The tulips are through!"
She stopped her tuneless humming,
And shook her head.
"I guess so," was all she said.
I call her Old Mrs. U. S. A.—
Doesn't know where she's going,
But she's on her way.

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The Impact of Inflation

LET US ADMIT at the very start that this inflation business is far from simple.

Just the same the country is in for it and we wonder what inflation will do to us.

There are a thousand baffling "if's" in inflation, writes Morris Edwards in the current *Nation's Business*. The results of inflation in any case are uncertain enough, but now with the unprecedented methods being used by the Government, and the varieties of inflationary processes that may be tried out, Mr. Edwards sees the "if's" multiplying well nigh to infinity.

What is inflation, any way? One simple definition is that used by Earl Sparling in his recent book, "The Primer of Inflation" (John Day)—"an artificial increase in the number of currency dollars in circulation with resulting artificial increase in the prices of goods."

One of the commonest causes of confusion is that one set of people can think only of such uncontrolled inflation as Germany went through when the mark collapsed, while others think of a definitely regulated and limited program constantly under the control of the national Government.

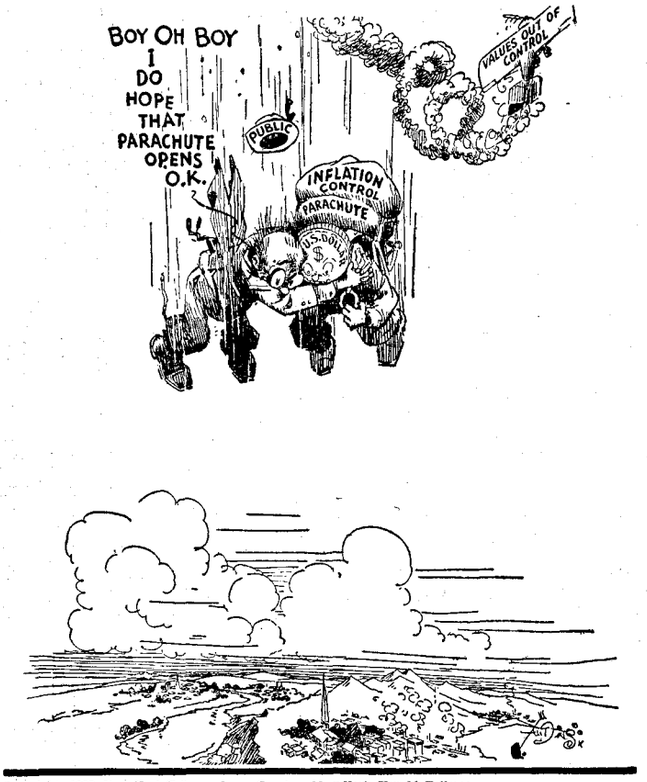
We hear plenty of people saying that what we are facing is not inflation, but "reflation." That is, it is an attempt to combat the deflation that has been going on almost uninterruptedly since the stock-market crash in 1929.

President Roosevelt clearly outlined what the Government means by an inflationary policy in his radio talk on the subject:

> The Administration has the definite objective of raising commodity prices to such an extent that those who have borrowed money will, on the average, be able to repay that money in the same kind of dollar which they borrowed.
>
> We do not seek to let them get such a cheap dollar that they will be able to pay back a great deal less than they borrowed.
>
> In other words, we seek to correct a wrong and not to create another wrong in the opposite direction.

THE President, as readers will recall, has been authorized by law to put into effect one, some or all of a group of inflationary measures, including open-market operations by the Federal Reserve Board, the issuance of greenbacks, and a change in the gold content of the dollar. The general effect of the first two processes would be putting money instead of government obligations into the hands of private individuals and particularly banks, with the idea that this money would then be brought out into the channels of trade and stimulate the resumption of business activity. This process has already begun by the purchase of $25,000,000 worth of government bonds by the Federal Reserve, the idea being, in Secretary Woodin's words, "to inject life into the market."

Certainly the market has livened up and there are some evidences of inflationary influence in the sustained upward movement in the stock market, the stiffening of commodity prices, and a considerable amount of wage raising and reemployment.



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Well, Here Goes!
—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune"

The natural effect of further inflationary moves in connection with the gold content of the dollar, or with the gold-reserve requirements for currency issues, according to Mr. Edwards's article in *The Nation's Business*, would be to depreciate the purchasing power of the dollar in terms of commodities, and thus increase the price of commodities in terms of dollars.

How will this affect this individual? In general, it is said that it will be good for debtors and bad for creditors. But it is not quite so simple as that, thinks Mr. Edwards, since so many of us "both owe and own."

GRANTING a considerable amount of inflation without letting it get out of control, let us notice with Mr. Edwards how it will hit a few typical cases.

First take a man who works on a salary, owns his house, is out of debt and has a little money invested in stocks and bonds. He will profit if he cares to sell his house, he will lose in real income on his bonds and may benefit from the rise in the value of his stocks.

And here is a man with $5,000 to invest. If he puts it into high-grade bonds and mortgages the income will suffer in terms of buying power. "If such a man wishes to share in the expected prosperity he must own real estate or some kind of common stocks"—altho of course in either field he must watch his step.

Who will do the best, the renter, the man with the mortgaged house, the man with the debt-free house? Well, says Mr. Edwards, "of the three the man who is in debt will have the best chance of making an actual gain."

Similarly, the owner of a mortgaged farm will be helped more than his neighbor whose farm is free.

WHEN it comes to income, the man living on a trust fund or pension suffers as prices go up under inflation; the man with a salary may get a raise, "but it is probable that that increase would lag behind the increase in the cost of living." A man living on commissions would probably gain by the general stimulation of business.

Finally there is the merchant, with his stock on hand, cash in the bank, money owing on a note, and charge accounts due him from customers. Of course he should try to buy as much as he can before prices go up further. In general, a period of inflation is a good money-making period—

> People may readily be tempted to buy by a feeling that money is going down and goods are going up. But, on the other hand, merchandising calls for great alertness in times of inflation.

AN attempt to draw a sharper line between those helped and those hurt by inflation is made by Stuart Chase in a North American Newspaper Alliance article appearing in the New York *Times*. These, he says, are helped:

1. All debtors, by reducing the burden of their debts. They do

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not have to pay so much in terms of wheat, shoes, and cotton to settle their obligations.

2. The farmer, by a sharp rise in his crop prices.

3. Labor, by an increase in total employment. Wages go up more slowly than the cost of living, but labor as a class tends to benefit, in that local pay-rolls are increased.

4. Business men. Sales increase in dollars faster than costs. Profit margins expand. Inventories rise in value. Expansion is encouraged.

5. Holders of common stocks.

6. The Government, by virtue of bigger tax collections as business improves.

And who gets hurt? The creditor class—bankers, bondholders, lease-holders, mortgage-holders. They receive less in terms of wheat and shoes as interest and principal on their loans.

Finally there is the conservative viewpoint represented by Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank of New York. He denies that we really need any more money in circulation. He insists that inflation is an invitation to speculation rather than to sound business activity, and he will not admit that there is any such thing as controlled inflation. As Mr. Anderson puts it is *The Chase Economic Bulletin:* "It can be said with absolute certainty, that there exists no financial device like the Westinghouse air-brake, which can bring a movement of this sort to a stop without a jolt."

Hospitals as Depression Cures

OUR non-profit-making institutions are sometimes carelessly called "red-ink activities."

Yet tho they do not make money for any one, they are of more value to the community than many organizations that are run for profit.

Such are schools, museums, libraries, and parks.

In *The Bankers Monthly* (Chicago), Dr. Otho F. Ball, President of the Modern Hospital Publishing Company, tells us to what extent the hospital has played a part in fighting the depression and averting many of its worst consequences. He writes:

It is timely for us to weigh the importance of the institutions that have influenced our national character and intellectual processes. They will be of increased importance during the post-depression period of convalescence and recovery.

Because the underlying security supporting most values is the morale of the people, we must recognize that the emotional, mental, and physical factors controlling the composite citizen must be reckoned with, when we list the factors essential to the solution of our present difficulties.

When these factors are positive, we have hope, confidence, zeal and enthusiasm. The elements which make for a high morale are the intangible, but none the less essential, security back of the real-estate mortgage, the corporation bond, the commercial loan, and the bank itself. These factors I choose to designate as "community assets." They are essential to sustained recovery.

The agencies which bring to us these benefits are public schools; art galleries, libraries, and museums; parks and other recreational facilities; hospitals and social-welfare agencies—all these always operate at a loss. But maintenance of these community asset agencies is a necessary part of an essential overhead, as much as our police and fire protection service.

Let us look at the hospital and public-health activities.

Good physical and mental health is the bulwark of any nation. Its preservation has been one of the high objectives of the American people. The nation's death-rate per thousand of population has been driven down very appreciably since 1929.

It is inconceivable that speedy economic recovery could be achieved by a weak and sickly people. How illogical it would be then, to handicap the agencies responsible for this fortunate condition.

The greatest panics in history were not caused by impaired national credits, moratoria, or collapse of banking structures.

We can never know when some epidemic may sweep the land, if our protective agencies are weakened or broken down.

The 7,000 hospitals of the land are the backbone in our vast national system of health defense. Since practically all are operated not for profit, they are the property of the people, they are free from political control, and are the trail blazers of the industry in medical and scientific research. They are typically American.

Hospitals play an outstanding part, Dr. Ball reminds us, in controlling disease and stamping out epidemics. It would be as difficult to-day to care for the sick and injured in the home as to close our schools and educate the younger generation under the family tree. He proceeds:

Since 1929 the hospitals have demonstrated their economic value as never before. The burden on these institutions has increased, as measured by the average number of patients treated. In New York City, the public hospitals had an average occupancy of 101 per cent. during the past year. This compares with only 75 per cent. in 1928. The record is similar from all parts of the country.

It is proper that the financial interests of the country be warned against the danger involved in any breakdown of our hospitals, and yet economic stress threatens this great non-profit industry.

Calm of Despair.—"I can't see why in the world you and Fred couldn't get along together."

"The monotony was awful. We had nothing in common to quarrel about."—*Boston Transcript.*

Keep It Dark.—"That was a fright of a woman I saw you with last night."

"Well, don't tell my wife."

"She didn't know about it, eh?"

"Oh, yes; she was the woman."—*Pathfinder.*

Born Housewife.—Then there was that five-year-old girl in Cleveland who overheard a neighborhood woman tell her mother that the stork had just brought a baby to the Joneses.

"It weighs seven pounds," she concluded.

"How much was it a pound?" asked the little girl gravely.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

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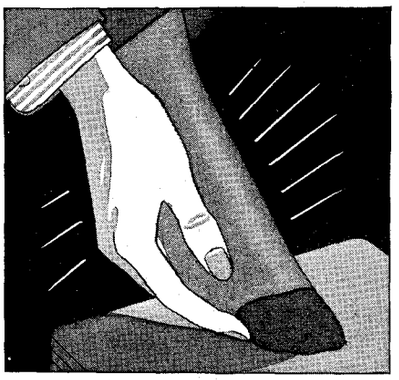
Bad Feet? *cure them*



BAD feet, unless carefully treated, often lead to far more serious troubles. Neuritis, rheumatism and arthritis are sometimes the penalties we pay for neglecting our feet. Even the more specific foot ailments—flatfoot, pronation, metatarsalgia—can be painfully inconvenient, often crippling.

At the first sign of ache or pain, play safe. Not with patent medicines, weird contraptions, fanciful theories. Your feet are too important, your foot structure too delicate and complicated, to risk experiments. Have your feet examined by men who know the function and structure of the foot—

. . . by doctors of medicine

. . . by qualified chiropodists or podiatrists, who specialize in the general care of the feet

. . . by orthopedists, who specialize particularly in diseases of the bone.

Above all, wear shoes that provide sensible support. One such shoe—the Wright Arch Preserver Shoe for Men—is prescribed more often than any other shoe by professional men. It is described in the opposite column on this page.

. . . *see your*

Doctor *or* Chiropodist

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TIRED, aching feet may seem only a passing trouble—over in a day or two—but don't be fooled! Very often a foot ache or pain is a clearcut warning of serious danger ahead.

If you would permanently avoid the agony of foot trouble, start now to give your feet the support they need. Wear the Wright Arch Preserver Shoe for Men—the shoe doctors and chiropodists recommend because of these exclusive features:

(1) Patented steel shank which prevents or relieves flat foot.
(2) Metatarsal support which prevents or relieves tension in muscles and tendons.
(3) Permanently flat insole—encourages normal circulation.
(4) Heel to ball fitting—provides correct support for the foot's weight-bearing structure.

See the Wright Arch Preserver Shoe dealer in your neighborhood. If your feet need medical attention, he will suggest a good doctor or chiropodist. If not, he will fit you with shoes which provide exactly the support nature intended for your foot.

Get this foot chart *free.*

Write us for his name and a *free Wright Archograph* with which to test the condition of your feet. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland Massachusetts.

. . . *wear the*

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Make a Bid.—"I came in here to get something for my wife."

"What are you asking for her?"—*Yowl.*

Elucidating Mumma.—CALLER—"Is your mother engaged?"

LITTLE BOY—"I think she is married."—*Quoted by The Pointer.*

Obsequies Immaterial.—"If you join our lodge you will be buried with music."

"That's no inducement for me. I'm not a bit musical."—*Boston Transcript.*

First Aid.—CHAUFFEUR—"This, madame, is the hand brake—it's put on very quickly, in case of an emergency."

MADAME—"I see—something like a kimono."—*The Pointer.*

Give Her a Peanut.—"Smile that way again."

She blushed and dimpled.

"Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk."—*Old Line.*

Busted Flush.—"I believe in calling a spade a spade," said the emphatic person.

"That's right, friend," replied Bronco Bob. "There was a man who nearly lost his life here by gittin' into a game an' tryin' to call a spade a club."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Sweet and Peckish.—MASTER—"You look sweet enough to eat."

SOPHIE—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"—*Annapolis Log.*

Blessed Are the Humble.—EDITOR—"Do you know how to run a newspaper?"

APPLICANT—"No, sir."

EDITOR—"Well, I'll try you. I guess you've had experience."—*V. P. I. Skipper.*

Gates Ajar.—

Around dad's bier
The candles burn,
He failed to see
That "No Left Turn."
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Stop Thief!—MRS. HOTSHOT—"Do you know what became of my evening gown? I can't find it anywhere."

HOTSHOT—"I just saw a moth fly out of your clothes closet."—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Putting on White Airs.—As the colored doorman ran down to open the limousine door, he tript and rolled down the last four steps.

"For heaven's sake, be careful," cried the club manager, "They'll think you're a member."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Dolce Far Niente.—"Think o' poor old 'Arry bein' sent to jail! One o' the fastest-working burglars in the game."

"Ah, well, he's takin' his time now."—*Tit-Bits.*

Wide-Open Spaces.—"The modern girl can't show much for her money in the way of clothes," says a fashion expert. But she shows quite a lot of modern girl.—*Boston Transcript.*

Burning the Ouija Board.—

Father now broadcasts from
Heavenly stations—
He was bumped off for razzing
His wife's relations.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

"Yes, that is Professor Starkey, the eminent authority on nudism, with some of his most ardent followers."

—"The Humorist" (London).

Lovers' Lane.—HE (as they drove along a lonely road)—"You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of?"

SHE—"Sure. You're about to run out of gas."—*Indiana Bored Walk.*

Carefully Pinned On.—

"At present, though it may not be
A time for heart laughs,
At least, let's wear the smile that we
Use in our photographs.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Let Him Off With a Wisecrack.—JUDGE (in traffic court)—"I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail."

DRIVER—"Sort of a weather forecast, eh, Judge?"

JUDGE—"What do you mean?"

DRIVER—"Fine to-day—cooler to-morrow."—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Life Was Just a Bowl of Fish.—Lillian Gish lives in an apartment facing the river on Beekman Terrace.

In an apartment off the same entry a while since lived a young man about town, believe it or not, named, Tipton Blish.

Furthermore, Blish employed a Javanese servant named Nish.

But the confusion in the entry became entirely too ishish, and Miss Gish fled to another floor where she may reside in a little more lonelinish.—*New York American.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Tip for Technocracy.—Will make set of false teeth for electric sewing machine.—*Ad in the Seattle Daily Times.*

Traffic on the Glory Trail.—

WALNUT HILLS-
AVONDALE CHURCH
11:00—"Like a mighty army"
Dr. Versteeg Preaches
"Use our Avondale bus service!"
—*Ad in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

There's No Escaping 'Em.—An unusual touch was added to the wedding scene, when four young Omaha debts appeared as bridesmaids.
—*Omaha World-Herald.*

May Have Been a Bull.—W. H. Elwood shot and believed he killed a hibernian bear. He put it in the kitchen near Kelso, Washington. Returning later, he found bruin sniffing for food.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Believe 'Em or Not.—My house was swept away clean and so was my barn, I had some mules in the barn, but they tell me they didn't get hurt. — *Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

And Longevity.—Q. Was there ever a public executioner named Jack Ketch?—P. K.

A. He is a real character who was appointed about 1683 and who died in 1886. He was notorious for his barbarity.—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

Learning From Wall Street.—

SANFORIZED SHIRTS
Usually 1.55. Thrift Day Only—94.50
—*Little Rock Arkansas Democrat.*

And Speaking of Shirts.—

WHITE HOUSE
SEES NO SHIRT
IN U. S. POLICY
Plainfield (N. J.) Courier-News.

It's "Boulder" Again.—

DAM NAME
OF "HOOVER"
CLIPPED OFF
—*Head-lines in the Los Angeles Times.*

Small Bounty for Big Bossy.—

FARMER, SON PROFIT
BY SHOOTING COWS
—*Head-lines in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

DAWSON (Minn.).—Al Hubel and his son Cleo, farmers near here, are sharpshooters extraordinary. They have bagged 510 cows during the last year, collecting the county bounty of 10 cents for each—or a total of $51.—*Same item in the San Francisco Examiner.*

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